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WE are now on the eve of the reopening of the Disarmament Conference, and the omens are bad. France insists on international supervision of armaments as a condition of any reduction or limitation. France is right; there ought to be such a system. But other Powers are shy of accepting the full demand of the French, which is for automatic and regular inspection of the armaments of every State. The United States agrees in principle, but the British Government, pressed by the Services, wants to stop short at a scheme under which the right to inspect would arise only on an alleged infraction of the Arms Convention. The German attitude is not quite clear, but it naturally inclines to the British rather than the French plan. Mr. Eden is said to have brought back an encouraging report of his conversations in Paris, and it is just possible that a Franco-British agreement may be reached. But the Cabinet meeting on Wednesday seems to have taken us no nearer to it.

The Prospects of Disarmament

Provided this difficulty can be got over, it may be possible to frame a Convention which, though it will fall far short of our original hopes, will at least check a new and madder race in armaments—with Germany as the most dangerous competitor. To stop German rearmament is the most imperative task of European statesmanship, and we hope a supreme effort will be made at Geneva before the world succumbs to counsels of despair. In essentials the problem is what it has been from the start—how to satisfy Germany's claim to "equality." With the Nazis in the saddle that is harder and more risky than it was; but to refuse it means inevitable disaster. Much now depends on Italy. Her relations with France have improved and she is the nearest thing to a friend that Germany has; there are credible rumours that Mussolini has a plan for bridging the gap between German ambitions and French fears. As for our own Government, it has drifted and vacillated, and frittered away its opportunities of taking the lead; but there are signs now that it is genuinely alarmed, and it may yet play its part in saving the Conference from shipwreck.

The Austrian Tangle

The situation in Austria has got into a pretty tangle. Apart from the Nazis, who are proscribed, there are three more or less Fascist groups contending for the mastery. At one extreme are Prince Starhemberg and his Heimwehr, whole-hogging disciples of Mussolini; at the other, Herr Winkler and his party, who stand for what they call "corporative democracy." In the middle, though leaning to the Winkler side, is Dr. Dollfuss himself. He is in a peculiarly delicate position. His ideal appears to be a modified sort of dictatorship that would leave a show of individual liberty and some sort of "representative

institution," in place of a parliament. He wants the support of the Heimwehr, but, as the price of that, he is asked to make a dead set at the Socialists, which he is unwilling to do, and even throw over Herr Winkler, which would be still more distasteful to him. The Socialists, for their part, accuse him of weakness in dealing with the Nazis, and offer him their aid if he will break with the Heimwehr. Meanwhile, the Nazi snake, though scotched, is very far from killed, and the fear of it is, no doubt, the one thing which has prevented its divers opponents from coming to grips with one another. As we go to press, there comes the news of a coup by Dr. Dollfuss, which puts the whole executive power in his hands, and makes him in fact a full-fledged dictator, assisted by a Cabinet of "non-party personalities." Will his strength be equal to his audacity?

Socialism in France

The Socialist storm in France, which began at the Party Congress in July, has now blown over. A group calling themselves "social-national" or "néo-socialiste," headed by Renaudel and Déat and representing some twenty odd seats in the Chamber, then protested against the *immobilisme doctrinaire* of Léon Blum, and arraigned the Second International as a *conciliabule d'ombres*. Late in August, at a meeting at Angoulême, Renaudel and Déat, the leaders of the notorious group of six deputies, declared that French Socialism should make its appeal more national, that it should not be too narrowly restricted to the class categories of Marxism, and should therefore be less uncompromising in its attitude to the Daladier Government. This demonstration was condemned by Blum and Faure as a breach of discipline. Both the *Times* on the one hand, and the Communists of *L'Humanité* on the other, had already acclaimed the "néo-socialistes" as the Nazis of France, and the French press in general has given the split a good deal of attention. In fact, Neo-Socialism turns out to be only another claimant —together with the Blumistes and the Communists— to the heritage of Jaurès. The Comité des Forges has had no illusions as to the possibility of exploiting these people, as Thyssens exploited their German counterparts, and its organ, the *Temps*, rightly complains that they are still Marxist and inflationist. Blum himself pointed out in the *Populaire* that Socialists who were too hungry for office to remain true to the party were no novelty. It was interesting to see that the Neo-Socialist meeting arranged in Dijon on Monday was stormed by orthodox Socialists and Communists, and ended with the singing of the Internationale. Before last week-end, indeed, the Six, as good adherents of the Second International, had protested to its chiefs, Vandervelde and Adler, against the disciplinary measures taken against them. Vandervelde, in his reply, was able to insist that there was surely far more to unite than divide the Blumistes and the Six, and a triumphant Blum is now hopeful that the whole affair will bind all French Socialists more closely to internationalism.

Mr. Gandhi and the Princes

One asks, after reading the correspondence in which Mr. Gandhi and the Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru have summed up their recent talk, whether the National Congress under their leadership will turn from nationalist to social revolution. The mass struggle through civil disobedience has failed and is suspended. Pundit Nehru's letter, if one can divine its meaning from the telegraphic summaries, seems to suggest a new objective. The condition of the masses, he writes, can be improved only if vested interests "give up their special possessions and many of their privileges." The biggest of these interests is the British Government, but "next come the Princes." The stripping of these interests must "cause loss," and though it should be done "gently," it "must be done speedily." This is the Pundit's usual point of view: he is a sincere Socialist, deeply concerned especially for the poor tenant-cultivators of the North. Never backward in the nationalist struggle, the cause that really fired his zeal was the rousing of the grossly exploited peasants of the United Provinces against their landlords. Mr. Gandhi's reply is equally characteristic. He agrees; there must be "material revision of vested interests," and "the Princes will have to part with much of their power." But if people with vested interests did but believe in the purity of their critics' motives mistrust would vanish. In plain English, Mr. Gandhi (as he always has done) would make an evangelical appeal to the better nature of landlords and princes, whereas Pundit Nehru would lead a No-Rent strike. So, without deciding the difference as to method, the correspondence ends. It seems, however, to have alarmed the wealthier adherents of Congress in Bombay, who feel "mistrust" both of the old and of the young leaders. If ever under its Left Wing Congress should turn seriously to social questions that affect vested Indian interests, some splitting is inevitable, but Congress might be the stronger for the purge.

Mr. Roosevelt's Difficulties

President Roosevelt has signed the code for coal at last; and it has been definitely announced that there are to be no more concessions to the demands of employers for the retention of the "open shop." But the treatment of both Mr. Ford and the dissident coalowners and steel firms shows that the President feels the need of steering a careful course between provoking the open hostility of the main body of employers and completely forfeiting the support of organised labour. The big business interests are becoming every day more openly critical of his policy; and their tone is echoed by the newspapers which they control. Meanwhile, progress with the re-employment of workers is disappointing; prices have sagged badly, especially for farm products; and discontented farmers and smaller employers are clamouring more and more loudly for thorough-going inflation. There are numerous strikes over wages and hours, and also over the vexed question of recognition of the right of collective bargaining. The critical period of the year is approaching, and soon, with the coming of cold weather, the maintenance of the unemployed will assume a new urgency. President Roosevelt, in these circumstances, is not likely to be able to hold out much longer against the demand that he should advance much farther and faster along the road of monetary inflation and public control of industry. It looks as if the trial of strength with Big Business, which he has been trying hard to avoid, will shortly be forced upon him; for

he has gone so far already that, whatever his reluctance to go farther, he cannot possibly afford to draw back.

The Reichstag Trial

Even newspapers which began by treating the Judicial Commission of Inquiry into the Reichstag Fire as a joke abandoned the attempt after Monday's evidence. Once difficulties of language were solved the obvious importance of much of the evidence and the careful and judicial nature of the proceedings were recognised. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent pointed out that "the terms of reference were strictly observed," and quoted a legal opinion that "considering the irregular character of the Commission, the presentation of the evidence was a triumph of relevance and coherence." The Commission's report may be summarised by saying that it finds the alibis of Torgler and the three Bulgarians convincing and the more important in that the Nazi authorities can easily investigate them in Berlin if they wish to do so: that the opinions, characters and antecedents of these four accused men make their participation in any act of terror highly unlikely; that Van der Lubbe, who is not a Communist, but who has been an active enemy of the Communists for the last two years, cannot have carried out the extensive incendiary operations alone, and that the case made in the *Oberfohren* document and elsewhere against the Nazi leaders themselves is one which deserves very full investigation. It is hardly likely to receive it, we fear, at the trial which has now opened at Leipzig.

* * *

The London investigation has been taken seriously by the Nazis, whose best known London agent attended the trial at which Dr. Sach, the lawyer appointed to defend Torgler, was also present. One clear effect of the international interest in this trial has been to change the character of the indictment against the accused Communists. Torgler, who had been denounced as an incendiary in official communiqués, is now apparently to be tried on a general charge of "high treason"—a charge to which any strong opponent of Hitler would presumably be liable under the present law. It looks indeed as if as much as possible will be done to push the vital issue of the Reichstag Fire into the background at Leipzig, where no independent witnesses can come forward for the accused (the *Dortmunder General Anzeiger*, for instance, has demanded death for any witnesses for the defence), and where an independent judicial defence is impossible.

Labour and the Parliamentary Machine

The Labour Party Executive, in its report for the Hastings Conference, has followed the Trades Union Congress in making a strong reaffirmation of its faith in democratic methods. It "stands, now as ever, for a free press, the right of free assembly, the right of free speech, the holding of free elections." Of course it does; and no one in his senses supposed that it stood for anything else. A serious attempt to understand what Sir Stafford Cripps and his "dictatorial" friends are saying, would show that they also are anxious champions of liberty. In fact there is not likely to be serious controversy over these democratic declarations at Hastings, because, on such points, there is really no serious difference of opinion within the party. The differences that do exist relate to the nature and magnitude of the changes that need to be made in the actual working of the parliamentary machine, in order to convert it into an effective instrument. That the Right Wing is prepared for large changes in the working of parliamentarism the Executive's report on the powers and choice of the next Labour Cabinet clearly shows. In the light of this report, which embodies many of the changes for which the Socialist League has been asking, the hollowness of the supposed controversy over "dictatorship" and "democracy" appears more plainly than ever.

The Assyrian Massacres

Very important first-hand accounts of the recent Assyrian massacres have reached us from trustworthy witnesses on the spot. We cannot mention names in view of the official order in Iraq to say as little as possible about the matter. Every effort is likely to be made to hush the affair up at Geneva. The main facts, according to our information, are these. When the trouble first started all Assyrian villages were told by both British and Iraqi officials that if they surrendered their arms they would be safe (notwithstanding the fact that Kurdish villages in the same area were allowed to keep theirs). This guarantee of safety was also read out on parade to the Assyrian soldiers (who guard British aeroplanes at Baghdad) by the air official commanding. Fighting broke out between a small contingent of Assyrian rebels and the Iraqi army in which the former captured an ammunition column and drove the army back six miles. Eighteen Assyrian prisoners were captured, however, and killed in cold blood—a British officer who was present and violently protested was immediately sent back to Baghdad. The Arab Government now state that in this engagement the Assyrians burnt two Iraqi officers and gouged out the eyes of Iraqi soldiers—the truth appearing to be that two officers were burnt as their armoured car turned over and caught fire, whilst the vultures were the culprits in the latter case.

* * *

The Iraqi army having received this reverse turned its attention to the previously disarmed villages. Villagers were huddled together, clubbed, bayoneted and knifed, shut in rooms and machine-gunned through the windows. Another British officer attempted to interfere and was roughly handled by Iraqi officers and also sent to Baghdad. This was done by the regular army under Bekir Sidgi and a cavalry officer named Hajji Ramazan, one of whom has since been made a Pasha and the other given extra seniority. In addition to this Qaimaqams (local governors) were ordered to recruit Kurdish irregulars and gave them secret instructions to murder all Christians. The Shammar Bedouin (Arabs) were also instigated to loot part of the area and destroyed thirty-two villages. From Simel only one man escaped alive, and the total casualties are given as between a thousand and seven hundred men—that is unarmed men with no part in the rebellion. Only six women and ten children are known to have been killed. Information from Mosul states that the plight of the women and children in the destroyed area is pitiable, as no food has been left anywhere, and that in the more inaccessible areas Kurdish depredations are still continuing on a small scale.

THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE

ONLY the most cantankerous critic would refuse to find some comfort in the Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, which was published the other day. "The National Health in 1932," says Sir George Newman, "was in the circumstances remarkably good," and he gives facts and figures in abundance to support the statement. The infant mortality rate has declined. Tuberculosis and other diseases are being more successfully combated. The public medical services are advancing. Better food, better housing, higher standards of personal hygiene, too, have played their part; the masses are "learning more of the art of living." But, gratifying as all this is, it does not warrant the complacent, and even jubilant, comment with which it has been greeted in some quarters. There is a darker side to the picture, as Sir George Newman himself admits. There is what he calls the "canker-worm of the slums"; there is our foul milk supply; there is still a vast need of improvement in the medical services. There is, in the poverty to which multitudes are condemned, a constant threat of physical deterioration. That being so, we are not impressed by the assurance that "the English people are to-day better fed, better clothed, better housed and better educated than they were in 1844," when Engels published *The Condition of the Working Classes in England*. The merest dabbler in history knows that. What we are concerned about is whether they are as well fed and clothed and housed and educated to-day as they might be, and not as they might be in an ideal state, but actually—under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's National Government. The answer is all too plain, and Sir George Newman is putting it mildly when he warns us that "we must not be too readily assured of the future."

It is not our purpose here to discuss the whole problem of the relation of poverty to the public health. But there is one aspect of it which is of immediate and outstanding interest, and about which the Report comes to conclusions that, however true they may be, are certainly not the whole truth, and may easily give a false impression to the innocent reader. There is, we are assured, "no available medical evidence of any general increase in physical impairment, in sickness or in mortality, as the result of economic depression or unemployment." And again: "taking the country as a whole, the evidence appears to point to the conclusion that, except in certain localised areas, and in some special and restricted groups, there has been no general excess of sickness, ill-health or physical incapacity attributable to unemployment." But what exactly is the meaning of the qualifying word "general"? And how much importance is to be attributed to the exception—the localised areas? The list of these areas, where actual malnutrition due to unemployment is recorded, includes West Cumberland; South-West Lancashire and Liverpool; South-East Lancashire and the adjacent parts of Cheshire and Derbyshire; Sheffield; Tyneside; the Hartlepools and Sunderland; Yarmouth and Lowestoft; London; the Forest of Dean; the South Wales coalfields. This is a formidable list, covering as it does a number of the close-packed centres of industry. Sir George Newman, it is true, observes encouragingly that "the number of cases of malnutrition reported is nowhere large, and many of the replies refer to the surprisingly good nutrition of the people even in the most depressed areas." But what about the cases of malnutrition which have not come under the eyes of the Medical Officers and which are therefore not reported? Who can doubt that their name is legion?

There have been of late a number of investigations, unofficial as well as official, of this grim subject, and their findings give little ground for satisfaction. Take, for instance, the main conclusion of the detailed inquiry conducted by the Save The Children Fund into the conditions of unemployment, school feeding and malnutrition in a typical group of big industrial towns:

> In the great majority of cases 1932 is worse than 1931. Only in four places—Oldham, Bradford, Leeds and Glasgow—are the malnutrition figures less in 1932 than in 1931, and only in Bradford and Oldham, where the increase in school meals has been greatest, is there a substantial improvement recorded in 1932 as compared with 1931. In the cases of Coventry, Manchester and Walsall there is no change. In the other twelve places shown on the table there is deterioration. It is difficult not to associate this deterioration with the reduction in the scale of unemployment benefits introduced in 1932.

The gravity of the situation lies not only—and indeed often not so much—in the actual malnutrition, but in what may be called the potential malnutrition. The Save The Children inquiry observes that "while the amount of actual deterioration has not been great, there are an increasing number of cases where there is a serious risk of malnutrition." Dr. Kenneth Fraser, the Cumberland School Medical Officer, notes in his report for 1932 that "a child may appear to be of normal height or weight and yet be in such a physical condition as to be susceptible to such epidemic diseases as influenza, and probably to be in a condition in which the risk of laying the foundation of tubercular disease in later life may be a very practical issue."

It appears then that in many of the most important centres the malnutrition figures do exhibit deterioration and, further, that the malnutrition figures by themselves tell only part of the story, and may in fact be most misleading. Dr. Fraser, in the report already quoted, says that "it is almost impossible to understand why the malnutrition figure among the elementary school-children does not rise under existing conditions. There is no doubt that large numbers of children are carrying on to-day in this country without adequate food."

On this second point a striking comment was made in a recent issue of *Medical Officer*, the journal of the Society of Medical Officers of Health:

> We must find out the clinical signs of malnutrition, for these we do not know. We know that at the present time a very large proportion of the population is imperfectly fed, but we cannot find the signs of it. We have districts where the amount spent on food is utterly inadequate to cover the necessities, and we report the observed nutrition of the children—who should be the most sensitive members of the community—as 90 to 95 per cent. good. We know that this is false, and those who quote these results as proof that all is going well, that the British people in times of difficulty thrive excellently on bread and margarine—or coke—and are quite happy in doing so, know it is false also.

Evidence to the same effect comes from other quarters. The Newcastle dispensary inquiry showed that 50 per cent. of those attending that institution were undernourished. The Sheffield Social Survey Committee discovered that nearly one-fifth of the working-class

households in the city were either living below or bordering on the poverty line during the winter of 1931–2—the poverty line being "a minimum subsistence standard based on objective and measurable criteria." In Hull an investigation by the local Community Council led to the conclusion that in many cases families have only 3*s*. or less per head per week for food—"very seriously below the amount which is required." The Medical Officers of Health in Stockton and Deptford have shown how unemployed workers are made to go hungry by high rents, and how in many families the amount available for food is "insufficient to maintain physiological health." Dr. Oldershaw (Hampstead) comments on the number of cases in which "not enough money remains after the payment of rent (he instances rents of 17*s*. 6*d*. and 25*s*. a week out of wages of 30*s*. and £3) to provide sufficient food for the family, and the health of the children suffers seriously as a consequence." Dr. Howell (Hammersmith) reports that "many expectant mothers are undernourished" and refers at some length to malnutrition among children, quoting an inspection by Dr. Somerville Hastings of children in unemployed workers' families which showed that "evidence of malnutrition was found in 28 per cent., whilst 76 per cent. were below the average weight of children of the same age in the elementary schools."

In face of all this, Ministers and their supporters cannot be allowed to pick out favourable passages from Sir George Newman's report, and take credit to themselves for a phenomenal advance in the public health. In part, the advance is real, but that has not been the Government's doing. In part it is illusory; we have actually marked time or retrogressed—and for that the Government, with their policy of cutting down expenditure on the social services and their refusal to do anything but "wait and see" about unemployment, are largely and directly responsible.

THE REAL MORAL OF THE TSHEKEDI CASE

THE suspension of Tshekedi, Regent of the Bamangwato, by Admiral Evans has presented the British Government with a nice moral and political problem. A storm of controversy has raged over the whole affair—the constitutional position, the issue of "White and Black," the character of Tshekedi and the man Macintosh, the flamboyant methods of the Admiral. Obviously the matter cannot be allowed to rest where it is, and the sooner Mr. Thomas addresses himself to its settlement the better. But let us be clear on this point. There is something more in question than doing justice to Tshekedi or finding a compromise which will save his face and Downing Street's and restore the *status quo*. The case has brought the administration of the Protectorate into the limelight, and it is on that public attention ought to be focused.

What is the nature of a Protectorate? For most purposes it is a Colony; but it also seems more directly dependent than any Colony, for the reason that the Crown Administration is free to do as it thinks fit. In a Colony the people and Chiefs are British subjects with certain definite legal rights. In a Protectorate have the "protected" any legal "rights" at all? Again, what precisely is the legal status of an African Chief under "indirect" rule as practised in Colonies and Protectorates alike? These deeper issues concern very directly the British people and its own responsibilites.

In 1885, with the backing of the Rev. John Mackenzie and the London Missionary Society, Khama, Tshekedi's famous father, wrung "protection" from an unwilling British Government, and ten years later retained the independence of his Protectorate against the claims both of the Cape Colony and of the Chartered Company which, for the sake of the railway, was eager for its incorporation in what is now Southern Rhodesia. One effect of Khama's suspicion of the Chartered Company has been to delay till now even prospecting for minerals which if found, and reasonably worked, might lessen the dire poverty of Bechuanaland. "Khama's country" and the rest of the Protectorate have continued to this day in an anomalous position, economically squeezed between the Union and Rhodesia, but directly under the British Government, as represented, however, not by the Colonial but the Dominions Office and the S.A. High Commissioner. The Government can hardly hope to discharge its responsibilities through a single officer fully occupied as ambassador to the Union, who leaves the Protectorates to subordinates and hands over in his absence to a complete stranger like the Admiral.

In the old days the solution was perhaps only too simple. Here was a parcel of "Kaffirs"; the one essential, it was deemed, was to keep them quiet. Before very long it was discovered, both in Bechuanaland and in the still more unfortunately placed Basuto Protectorate, that no one could do this so cheaply and effectively as a strong native Chief such as Khama. For thirty years and more the one settled point of practice, if not policy, has been to interfere as little as possible, and to harden the local and domestic powers of the Chief into a virtual autocracy. Only the other day there was excitement in Serowe when one or more "Bolshies," not wholly unintelligent critics of the same Tshekedi, were summarily banished from Bamangwato country by the Administration.

In some other parts of Africa there is a more or less deliberate, if not yet fully successful, effort to absorb such educated Africans in effective "Native Administration"—in other words to evolve machinery which will continue to function even where the Chief is weak or incompetent. In a notebook I see that I jotted down a year or two ago in Serowe: "Bechuana politics nothing but personal feuds." This may be nothing unusual; but again—"in present absence of other machinery *all* depends on the Chief's character—or lack of it." If, like Khama, he happens to be an enthusiastic "social" reformer, he is backed, as in enforcing the prohibition of alcohol and in the building of churches. In the same notebook I noted the people of Serowe as "a perfect example of the finished work of Victorian respectability—the old Africa, clothed and decent, but *wanting* no development, and asking only to be left alone." So far as real development is concerned the pace has been slow indeed. The country, though naturally poor, is by no means desert. With boring for water and better transport than the costly railway, which skirts only the extreme edge of the Protectorate, much of the distant interior is capable of supporting larger numbers of cattle and people. As things are, by far the largest export is labour, notably poor in physique (as the Principal Medical Officer has lately stressed), and no better qualified by training and education than that of other parts of South Africa. The railway has in fact brought in its wake an unusually large sprinkling of jobbers and handymen, of the Macintosh-McNamee type, rather to the extrusion of native African tradesmen.

If the record of the Bechuana Chiefs is on the whole such as to suggest, in the words of Admiral Evans's judgment, over much concern, even on the part of the "extremely capable" Tshekedi, for their own "personal rights and privileges," and too little for the interests of their people, they have learnt their lesson faithfully from the Government, which has been content for the most part to leave it all to them. While undermining the old Council by its patronage of the Chiefs, it has found no place for the educated classes, here quite a considerable number, in the new machinery of government needed in a more complex modern world. In the old days the average African Chief, closely bound by his Council, was in a real sense representative. To-day the Bechuana Chief is representative chiefly in the sense that progressive ideas might

easily cost him any popularity he may have with the still backward masses. Over them he now lords it, allowed, if not encouraged, to do as he pleases—or sometimes merely to obstruct progress—within the law. Internal critics are suppressed, as we have seen. To the Administration, however, the Chief is little more than a puppet, free to lord it thus as he pleases only so long as in keeping order he does not " flout the Administration "—in this case by doing work it had itself patently failed to do. In pronouncing judgment, therefore, on Tshekedi, Admiral Evans unwittingly pronounced judgment also on the Administration whose mouthpiece for the moment he was.

Lately new light has begun to percolate. The personnel of the Protectorate services, it should be remembered, is recruited locally, the qualifications required, and the pay and prospects, being much less attractive than in the Colonial service proper. Colonel Rey, however, the present Resident Commissioner, is the first of a new and, it is to be hoped, permanent succession of senior officers who gained their experience in the more spacious West African Colonies. His enthusiasm had begun, before the great slump, to take some notice of the real economic potentialities of the country and its people. He and his colleagues of Basutoland and Swaziland have roused the High Commission itself to realise that the powers of the Chiefs it has itself so long relied on are now an obstacle to development. The Chiefs, of our own making, have so far check-mated attempts to reform the Chieftainship. Significantly, the " reproof " recently administered to Tshekedi is supposed to refer to his protest against the Ordinance drafted for this purpose. Now, at the first hint of swelled head about his own powers—again our own making—poor Tshekedi is summarily ejected by an Admiral with marines and howitzers! The howitzers, ridiculously superfluous in dealing with the mild and helpless Bechuana, stuck in the sand of the main road from the railway to the capital! Money and energy thus wasted will be better spent on reforming and strengthening our own weak Administration. Even *Die Burger*, the chief S.A. Nationalist organ, complacently points out its obvious weakness, and the Tshekedi incident will have served a useful purpose if at long last it strengthens the hand of those who would make the Protectorates a model to their neighbour the Union.

W. M. MACMILLAN

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

IV.—THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM

HAS Socialism in it, what Capitalism finally lacks, the means to the establishment of a stable prosperity? I think it has, because Socialism, unlike even the most highly controlled Capitalism, is based on bringing *all* the vital factors under collective control, and relating its entire economic policy to a single, simple and satisfactory objective. The fatal weakness of controlled Capitalism is that, moving still within the orbit of the profit system, it is compelled to subordinate its use of the available factors of production to the exigencies of private profit-making. This causes it to look with very different eyes on the two " key " kinds of income—profits and wages. For, whereas profits appear to it as an undiluted good, the stimulus *par excellence* which causes production to be undertaken as well as a necessary element in the available supply of purchasing power, wages on the other hand appear to it evil as well as good. They are good, in that they are a form of purchasing power, necessary to create a demand for the products of industry; but they are also bad, in that they are a cost which the business man has to incur, and therefore a deterrent to production. For it inevitably seems to the business man that the higher the wages the less is the prospect of profit, and the smaller the incentive to expand production to the furthest point compatible with the supply of productive resources.

This dualism, I am sure, is the fatal flaw in modern Capitalism. But it is a flaw from which a Socialist economic system will be able to make itself entirely free. There will, of course, still be costs of production under a Socialist system, and it will be no more possible for socialised industry as a whole than for any other kind of industry to sell its products for less than they cost to produce. But under Socialism all incomes will be costs, and all costs incomes. There will be no such distinction as exists to-day between incomes derived from profits which are a *surplus* over costs, and other forms of income which need to be kept as low as possible because they are costs which eat into this surplus. It will be apparent to everyone that there is a certain amount of real income available for distribution, that this is simply the money name of the total supply of goods that is actually produced, and that it is accordingly to the general interest to make this supply of goods as large as it can possibly be made. A situation in which it " does not pay " to use available resources of production simply will not be able to arise.

Such a situation can arise under Capitalism only because the capitalist view of what " pays " depends simply on the amount of profit, *i.e.*, of surplus over costs, to which an act of production gives rise. Suppose a capitalist produces something, incurs £x in costs of production (wages, interest, rent) and sells the product for £x; then, according to the capitalist reckoning, production has not been worth while, for there is no surplus. But from the collective point of view it has been well worth while; for by the use of certain available resources, which would otherwise have been left unused, £x of real value has been created and £x of purchasing power distributed to buy it. Of course, it would not " pay " from any point of view to incur £x of costs in order to produce £x of goods if the same expenditure of productive resources could be used to create goods worth £$x + 1$; but it would pay better to use the resources at a cost of £x in order to produce £$x - 1$ of value if otherwise the unused resources would cost more than £1 to maintain in idleness.

This simple piece of economic reasoning is one to which only a Socialist system can give practical effect; and precisely for that reason only a Socialist system can solve the problem of using to the full the great and rapidly advancing productive resources which are at the disposal of mankind. For only under Socialism can the problem be seen clearly as one of distributing the available productive resources so as to yield the maximum amount of useful goods, and of distributing incomes on the scale required to create a demand for all the available supply of goods and services—neither more nor less.

The principle is simple; but, of course, the problem of giving effect to it is highly complex. For a Socialist system will have to manage and harmonise the three vital parts of the economic process—the production of goods and services, the distribution of incomes, and the pricing of goods and services so as to make demand and supply balance. Clearly these three things must be co-ordinated aright if a Socialist Economic Plan is to work. And no less clearly the right solution of each depends upon the other two.

In the first place, the Socialist Plan involves the right use of a certain available supply of productive resources. Now this supply is in part specialised, and can be used only for the production of certain definite things, and in part transferable, so as to be capable of being used, broadly speaking, for any kind of production that seems to be needed. This transferable part is in practice large enough under normal conditions to allow, without serious economic loss, for adjustments in the relative production of different types of goods on a scale sufficient to meet changing conditions of demand. The Socialist problem of production is therefore to plan these changes aright, so as to secure the largest possible production of useful things, in the current proportions to current demand.

But the nature of current demand for different goods and services clearly depends on what relative prices are set on the various things, and also on how incomes are distributed. In fact, the logically first task of a Socialist Planning Authority will be to plan the distribution of incomes in the community, because, until that is planned, it cannot settle in what propor-

tions the various classes of goods ought to be produced. What has to be planned at this stage is not, strictly, the amount of *money* to be distributed, but the *proportions* in which whatever money is distributed will go to different types of income-receivers—for the actual amounts of money become important only when prices are being fixed.

This is the next stage. The " general level of prices " must, of course, correspond to the general level of money incomes ; and, as long as they do correspond, it does not matter whether they are high or low (under Socialism, that is—for under Capitalism, because of interest and rent, it does matter a great deal). The Socialist problem is the *relative* pricing, within a given general level, of the various goods and services ; for on this will, of course, depend the demand for each which a given distribution of incomes will involve.

It will be open to the Planning Authority to adopt any relative prices it thinks best, provided only that total prices correspond to total incomes, and that the prices are such as buyers are prepared to pay for the supplies of the various goods which the Planning Authority decides to have produced. Within these limiting conditions there will be no *necessity* for the price charged for any particular thing to bear any relation to the cost of producing it. Nevertheless, in the absence of special reasons causing the community to desire to encourage or discourage certain kinds of consumption, costs of production would probably be taken as the main guide in fixing prices ; and in any case a strict account would be kept of any deviations from this practice.

The allocation of the available productive resources to various forms of production would thus be settled in relation to the distribution of incomes and to the pricing of the various goods and services. If this were done aright, and adjusted to meet changes in the powers of production and in consumers' tastes and needs, all the essentials of a stable economy, able fully to use its entire productive power, would have been secured.

The criticism will, no doubt, be that this balancing of the three vital factors is too difficult a task for any Socialist Planning Authority to carry through with success. That there would be mistakes, especially in the early stages, is, of course, obvious. But mistakes would be far less disastrous under such a system than they are under Capitalism. For if the Planning Authority made a mistake its immediate reaction would be to correct it by amending its plan of production or distribution or pricing, *and in no case to throw productive resources out of use.* If it " over-produced " a particular type of goods it might have to sell off the surplus at a loss, and to shift productive resources to something else as quickly as it could ; but it would never be in the position of having to disemploy transferable productive resources on account of a deficiency of demand.

This inherent superiority of Socialism over controlled Capitalism arises above all from its power so to distribute incomes as to create a demand for all the goods that can be produced, no matter how greatly total productive power may increase. For it is under no impulsion to keep down wages in order to create a profit surplus, or to cause by way of a profit surplus an excess of either saving or investment. It will save precisely what it requires and thinks fit to invest—neither more nor less—there will be no question of investment exceeding savings, or savings exceeding investment ; for assuredly investment will be a collective function, and the distribution of the available productive resources will include the allocation deemed appropriate for the production of capital goods before consumers' incomes are distributed at all.

Will the world be induced to resort to Socialism because of its inherent superiority to Capitalism in these respects ? Not wholly ; though the failure of Capitalism to solve the problem of distribution, or to ensure stable economic progress, will help greatly in its undoing, the demand for social justice will count as well. Socialism will come, if it comes, because Capitalism will plunge into one crisis too many, but also because people will demand with increasing insistence that their real incomes shall rise in correspondence with the rapid advance of real productive power—and because Capitalism, with its necessity to regard wages as an evil, will not be able to respond.

But will Socialism come at all ? I do not regard its coming as inevitable. Socialism is, I am sure, the only alternative for our age to sheer economic disaster and the dissolution of European civilisation as we have known it. But it is unhappily possible that we shall allow disaster, even on this scale, sooner than be at the pain of establishing a Socialist system. I think Socialism will come, because it is the commonsense answer to the economic problem. But, in face of the follies of the past two decades, I cannot feel sure.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

" THE most wonderful woman in the world " was Mr. Bernard Shaw's tribute to Annie Besant. Certainly there has been none in the modern age more extraordinary, for what other has held a following through half a century of violent changes of belief by the power of oratory alone ? Halfway in her eighty-six amazing years she made the break with England and Radical-Socialism, choosing instead India and Theosophy. All the work of her first period was on the tide of success—for the freedom of women, the overthrow of superstition and religious bigotry, the ending of sweated labour, the building of the social commonwealth. In her second forty years her fame covered the earth, but everything for which she toiled bore the mark of spectacular failure. The Theosophical Society split under her rule. She lost her college at Benares after twenty years of devoted service. To crown her crusade for Indian home rule she framed an elaborate constitution, which the National Congress would not touch and Gandhi waved aside. She worked up the ludicrous cult of the Madrassi Brahmin messiah, only to meet humiliation at his hands when she was past eighty, for Krishnamurti dissolved the society of his devotees with a word and retired to California. And yet, what an amazing and fascinating woman ! To Charles Bradlaugh an incomparable ally, for the early Fabians a delightful and tormenting colleague, for a world-wide circle of men and women a friend of affectionate warmth and gracious memory, and for audiences throughout the English-speaking lands a speaker unsurpassed for mastery of words and rhythm. Annie Besant was without originality of mind, and she could hold any number of fantastic notions. It was in courage that she was original and great.

* * *

The arbiters of taste will presumably make the usual complaints about Margot Oxford's new book *More Memories* (Cassell, 15s.), and even I, who deal very little in questions of correctness, find it hard to defend the last chapter (" More or less about myself "), to which she has asked old friends like Augustine Birrell and Lord Midleton to contribute personal letters giving their early recollections of herself. But after skimming her book (which is what she tells us to do), I feel sure that most of the sniffs at Margot are jealous sniffs. She has had so much fun. She has known so many people who were interesting in themselves, apart from their titles. No doubt it is " bad taste " to show off, to talk about one's love affairs and give lists of one's famous or titled friends. But then how few of us have had long arguments with Mr. Gladstone, how few of us are really in a position to discuss the personal charm of King Edward, how few of us could convincingly introduce Lord Balfour, Lord Knollys, Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon and Lord Oxford into an account of our intimacies ! We may share her view that Oscar Wilde's artificiality was intolerable—but then she formed it from conversation with him. We may agree that Gladstone had a sense of humour but not of wit ; but our opinion is second hand. I diagnose jealousy, my dear Watson, jealousy. It is silly to pretend that Margot is

not genuinely witty, and though she has little selective power, poor judgment—except of people—and no reserve, she has a shrewdness and a directness which, to the open-minded, make up for a good deal. She can write really well on occasion. She can do a remarkable characterisation of Lord Curzon in the old-fashioned style:

> What I was slow to perceive was a self-engagement which grew upon him till it became a wire entanglement from which he could not escape. Absorption in his future and fortune obscured his knowledge of himself and he rarely penetrated the enamel of his own complacency. With all his awareness, he was not always aware of what was passing in other people's minds; and in spite of his hospitality and sense of humour, as he grew older he lost his gaiety, and "lacked the wise frivolity of greater men." It is difficult to realise that the flawless front you present to yourself makes you obtuse; and I have observed the unbecoming fate that awaits men and women who have never had this secret revealed to them . . . . though George Curzon developed his intelligence by journalism, travel, and politics, he was too fond of his career to develop his character. . . . I have read somewhere: "When you realise that there are two people within you, it is wiser to listen to the one that is vexed." Perhaps one of George's selves was never vexed; but if it was, he could always be relied upon to console it. . . . His two beautiful wives were more accomplices than critics. . . .

The book is full of good stories. I like particularly Mr. Gladstone's slip when he was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Colman, who had gathered together a large collection of relatives to meet so great a celebrity. Hoping to bring an unusually long pause before dinner to an end, Mr. Gladstone said to his hostess: "Are we all mustered?"

* * *

I spent last week-end in a deliciously peaceful village inn. To my surprise, the landlord, a young man—too young, he explained, to have been greatly affected by the war—told me that he was a Fascist and asked my views on the subject. I asked why he was a Fascist. He said because he thought that under Fascism "everyone would have a fair deal." He thought everyone was getting a fair deal in Germany, and that we should never get a fair deal until we had got rid of the Jews. If my account—or the account in the *Times*, which he sometimes saw—was true of the Nazi regime, why was such a different picture given in the papers he read regularly, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail?* England to-day, he said, was hopelessly corrupt. Fascism would end corruption. It would give us all a fair deal. He had had a quarrel with a Jew who lived across the road. Look at Leopold Harris! Everything to-day was controlled by Jews. At one time he had been a Socialist, but he had discovered that the Jews, and especially Jewish financiers, were really the whole trouble. I asked him how large a percentage of the population or of financiers he thought were Jewish, and he said that, statistics or no statistics, you could see for yourself. Rothschild was a Jew, every other shop in the West End was Jewish, and London, Manchester, Brighton, Bournemouth and other places teemed with Jews. "The Jews were in luxury in the West End, while the Gentiles had to live in the East End." (I wonder if he has ever been to Whitechapel?) The only suggestion of mine that seemed to impress him was that Hitler had not, in fact, got rid of the big Jewish financiers in Germany. This bothered him, but in spite of my best efforts I do not think he really saw the trick that Rothermere (whose article on the Nazis he kept quoting) had played on him. Yet it is surely a very obvious trick. In common with countless other people he had reached the conclusion that there is something wrong about the way our economic system, particularly our financial policy, was being organised. This was making him a Socialist. But Socialism is *impersonal*, and, as a small capitalist himself, he found it not altogether attractive. Tell him, therefore, that it is only the Jewish capitalist who is to blame, and point to the influence and prominence of the Jews—Leopold Harris and Rothschild, each in their different ways, had greatly affected his mind—and he had a nice concrete enemy to blame for everything. I had never before so clearly understood the process of Fascisization.

Last week I gave examples of the spread of the "ye olde" disease. A correspondent caps these with an example from a large city in the Midlands where there is a "palais de danse" which gives an "olde tyme balle" every Friday evening. Not finding this notice striking enough they recently announced "a hundred per cent. olde tyme balle every Friday, 8—12." In the same city there is "ye olde Tudor cinema." I am interested to note a variant in a Sunday newspaper, "Moderne Englyshe Houses."

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Unspoilt hilltop: suitable for bungalow.—Estate agent's advertisement in *The Times*.

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The lifeboatmen were very good to us, but they did not know whom they were rescuing.—Mr. Thomas on his recent adventure, as reported in the *Daily Herald*.

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The King has done much for the sport of yachting by his enthusiasm and his example. No other sport calls for such qualities of enterprise, daring, self-reliance, and quick-thinking, and that is why it is especially a sport for Englishmen.—*Times*.

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The Administration has intimated that the application of Tshekedi to depart for England would not violate the terms of the order restraining him from doing any act likely to cause unrest.—*Sunday Times*.

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Detective-sergeant Kidd told the Recorder that the police had complaints about these people, and nude persons of both sexes had been seen about. The Recorder.—Keep an eye on these nudists, will you?—Newspaper report of recent case.

* * *

Aimée Semple Macpherson, the "hot gospeller," and Texas Guinan, New York's "night club queen," have apparently changed their roles. Aimée and her husband, David Hutton, arrived in New York to-day for a stage appearance on Broadway. Texas was "converted" last night in Aimée's Angelus Temple at Los Angeles. Reta Crawford Splivalo, once the Salvation Army "Angel of Broadway" officiated in Aimée's absence, and Texas says she "got the whale of a kick" out of her experience. She went up to the altar in a huge picture hat, covered with diamonds and scent, while the choir sang "Come to Jesus."—*Evening Standard*.

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Prestige is thus restored, and the white man will continue to carry the burden of civilisation across the jungles of Africa.—Cecil Roberts in *Sunday Chronicle* on Bechuanaland incident.

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Mr. Burt said he wanted the boy to go to a Bible class every Sunday and also evening service and join the Boy Scouts. "That is the hall-mark of a gentleman," he added.—*Manchester Guardian*.

* * *

Dead Man Alive: Amazing Scandal.—*John Bull* poster.

CRITIC

AGAINST TITHES: A REPLY TO CAPTAIN PITT-RIVERS

SIR,—It is difficult to know where to commence with Captain Pitt-Rivers and his strange ideas regarding tithe rent charge, which he describes as a tax and compares with "ship money," but it is possible at the outset to give a flat contradiction to the whole of the premises on which he bases his argument against a form of property the rights of which are as valid as those of the owner of land. And what on earth has the question of common law to do with the question of tithe? As I understand Captain Pitt-Rivers and his strange Common Law Defence Association, laws made by Parliament have less validity than laws which have grown through recognition of custom. If space permitted I hope I could prove that from the earliest times the ownership of tithe was at least as valid and the title as good as the ownership of land. But even if one were to grant that legacies from medieval and later times would require justifying judged by standards of to-day, is tithe alone in this respect? Could not the same contention be

used against the system which has enabled large landowners to-day to be in the unchallenged possession of estates the original title to which would not satisfy modern legal requirements? The same thing could be said of manorial rights and privileges. We can all agree that if the possessor of property who can show no actual title other than prescriptive ownership is to submit his right to ownership to a public inquest, a good many persons other than tithe-owners will have to take their places in the queue leading to the inquiry room. Away with all such nonsense, and let us start with 1836, the date when Parliament abolished all tithes in kind and, after careful and prolonged inquiry, decided to commute tithe into a rent charge, thereby conferring upon tithe as a property a distinctive legal quality. What, then, is the object of dragging the Church into the tithe controversy?

The fact is that where tithable land exists there are two separate and distinct property interests in the land, that of the landowner and that of the tithe-owner. The property interest of the latter is as incontestable as that of the landlord who leases his land. The question, therefore, of the ownership of tithe rent charge is no concern whatever of the owner of the land. It is his obligation to pay to the tithe-owner the latter's rent charge, and it matters not in the least whether the rent charge belongs to the Church, to a college, or to an ordinary layman. If I take a lease from a ground landlord I have to discharge my obligations to that person, and I am not entitled to concern myself whether the owner is an individual or a corporation. If I let premises to a grocer I do not admit of his right to forgo payment because he does not like me or because I go or do not go to church. What Captain Pitt-Rivers and his friends overlook is the simple fact that if the State ever decided to dispossess the Church and deny it the right to continue to receive an income from tithe rent charge it would not benefit the landowner in the least. Of what interest is it to a hard-pressed agriculturist whether he pays tithe rent charge to the Church or to the public Treasury? In Wales, where the Church of England has been disestablished and disendowed, the tithe-payer has been given no relief. His tithe payments now go for public purposes and not to the Church. But he has to pay exactly as he did before, the only difference being that whereas in England ecclesiastical tithe will be compulsorily redeemed in the course of the next eighty years no such system operates in the case of the Welsh tithe-payer.

I know a case where a man recently acquired a farm by purchase, and where, after the value of the estate was agreed upon, the purchase price was discounted by the full capital value of the tithe rent charge upon it. Immediately the deal was through and the landowner relieved of purchasing the tithe-owner's capital interest in the land, the purchaser joined the local tithe resister's organisation and wrote to the papers asking why he should be called upon to support the parson.

In regard to the question of redress by the tithe-owner, I entirely fail to see why he should be held up to opprobrium because he resorts to the law to vindicate his rights against organised opposition to the payment of his dues. Captain Pitt-Rivers states that the law is frequently broken when distraints for tithe are made. He knows that in certain respects the question of legal procedure is still unsettled, but, so far as I am aware, no tithe-owner has done more than seek to receive what is due to him.

Queen Anne's Bounty is in the position of being virtual trustees for thousands of clergymen, a large number of whom depend for their living upon the collection of the money due to them. It is true that difficulties for the tithe-owner have been created by organised resistance to law and order, but the situation is not as bad as Captain Pitt-Rivers believes it to be. No less than 80 per cent. of tithe rent charge is being collected without unusual difficulty or undue delay. In certain districts where agricultural depression is most acute there are cases where the landowner, particularly the owner-occupier, finds it hard to meet his obligations, not only to the tithe-owner, but to his banker and other creditors. In these cases, provided the Bounty is satisfied that the tithe-payer could not pay in full without difficulty, the Governors consider the merits of each case and give relief, not in the form of deferred payments or moratorium, but as an absolute gift, by wiping out a part of the amount due to the tithe-owner.

What can one say of the actions of large landowners who urge the small man to repudiate his obligations? Those persons who, themselves staunch defenders of their own property rights, so lightly attack the rights of owners of other forms of property are accepting a grave responsibility, and, whether they appreciate the fact or not, are forging a weapon that one day may be employed against themselves.

GEORGE MIDDLETON

Correspondence

LENINISM WITHOUT LENINS

SIR,—I doubt if the discussions about what happened in Germany before February, 1933, have any but an historical value. The Communists appear to have been uncertain whether a Fascist victory in Germany was or was not in the interests of Communism. If they had wished to prevent Hitler's rise to power they could have done so with ease. For instance, they could have approached the Social Democrats and promised them that, if the S.D.P. ran a member of the S.D.P. Left Wing for the presidency, he would receive Communist support. The S.D.P. and the C.P. together could have secured the election of a Social-Democratic President. A good Social Democratic President would have had the support of the Catholic Centre, the Democrats and Von Schleicher. Such a combination would have made a Hitler coup impossible; and the Nazi movement would by now have been completely disintegrated. That the Nazi movement in 1932 was breaking up owing to internal dissentions and lack of funds was apparent to all. A genuine anti-Fascist front would have completed the process.

But the C.P. of Germany was bound to a policy of "the united front only from below." This made it impossible for them to conclude an electoral pact with the S.D.P. They insisted upon running Thaelmann for the presidency against all comers. The Social Democrats were therefore, very unwillingly, forced to support the candidature of Hindenburg for the presidency—with the disastrous consequences known to us all.

If the Communists had adopted a policy of electoral combination against Hitler, it might have caused them a slight loss of prestige; but, on the other hand, they would have been able to keep their organisation intact; they would have endeared themselves to the Social Democratic rank-and-file; the rapid break up of the Hitler movement, which would have followed, would have brought them millions of Nazi adherents (in 1932 the entire Nazi Left Wing was on the verge of "going Red"), and the ultimate victory of the C.P. would have been ensured.

But did the Communists wish to prevent the rise of Hitler? Regarded from some standpoints Hitler to-day is doing the dirty work of Bolshevism and clearing the way for a Soviet Germany. He has wiped out the Weimar Constitution, the S.D.P. and German Liberalism, and has thereby considerably simplified the task of the German Communists when, if ever, they gain power. The Communists believe that they alone will survive the fires of the Fascist dictatorship and ultimately bring about its downfall. The masses of Germany are becoming accustomed to the idea that if Hitler falls a Soviet Germany will arise.

If it was the considered policy of the German Communists to let Hitler gain power, then they have taken a terrible risk which may not end up as they hope. Hitler may fall within a year or so, or he may reign for ten or twenty years, like Machado of Cuba or Rosas of Argentine.

On the whole, I am inclined to agree with your correspondent last week. The leadership both of the S.D.P. and C.P. of Germany has been woefully poor. (Nearly as poor, in fact, as the leadership of the British Labour and Communist parties.)

The Communist International has brought into existence some magnificent Leninist political machines in many countries, but they are not being operated with Leninist genius. The Communist leaders outside Russia appear to have learned every lesson of Lenin's but the most important. They have not learned that it is sometimes necessary to take "one step backward" in order later on to take "two steps forward." I doubt if Lenin would have approved of the policy of "the united front only from below." If he had believed in this policy he would not have made his pact with Trotsky, the Left Mensheviks, and the Left Social Revolutionaries—an alliance which was essential to the success of the Bolshevik Revolution in its early days.

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GORDON HOSKING

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

SIR,—Herbert Agar accuses H. G. Wells of lack of wisdom, but displays little of that quality himself. He does not like the idea of an ordered and hygienic world, but prefers it dangerous and untidy. Some people may find it thrilling to watch their children succumbing to disease and starvation in this dangerous world. Personally I should not find it attractive.

If Mr. Agar belongs to the class that is known as the *bourgeois intellectual*, then he is already enjoying many of the benefits that H. G.'s ordered world might confer on the majority instead of the few as at present. Fair economic security; a good deal of leisure; a car and the country as well as the town; a reasonable amount of freedom to love, and hygienic and pretty boarding schools for the offspring—is it such a dull and disgusting existence? If so, it is open to the malcontents right now to desert it for the thrills of the proletarian life with its dangers and lack of sanitation.

No; the fun really comes in when one can enjoy the spectacle of others struggling in the flood waters, and, from a safe place on the bank, tender them one's congratulations and hearty admiration. A world in which Mr. Agar could not feel superior would certainly be dull—for him. DORA RUSSELL

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Harting, Petersfield.

MILK MARKETING

SIR,—I should like to express my appreciation of Dr. Moncrieff's letter in your current issue. Long experience has taught me (and everyone else with the least experience of the matter and a capacity for elementary reasoning) that cow's milk, unless sterilised, can never be regarded as a safe food for children. The B. Tuberculosis is, of course, the main danger, but there are others—as for instance, Brucella Abortus and various haemolytic streptococci. All can be destroyed with perfect certainty by the simple expedient of bringing the milk to the boil before using it. I should like to have seen Dr. Moncrieff lay down the definite rule that no milk is safe as a food for children unless boiled. Adults don't matter so much; their resistance to tubercular infection is higher than that of children and, anyway, other drinks are available for them. Since milk can be rendered perfectly safe by boiling, it is pertinent to inquire whether the health of the nation would not be better served by a simple warning from the Ministry of Health to boil all milk before using it as an infant food, or by compulsory sterilisation before retailing, than by the maintenance of a service for the detection and eradication of tuberculosis in cattle. S. C. DYKE

Wolverhampton.

SIR,—While thanking Dr. Moncrieff for his courteous references to my article, may I assure him that, when I mentioned generalisations which were out of date, I was not thinking of the proceedings of learned societies or the work of experts, but of the casual remarks of general practitioners and medical officers. Amongst these I have often noticed an unwillingness to recognise changes which have occurred, and an attitude which strikes a layman as illogical. To the latter it seems absurd to set an impossibly high standard unless you are prepared to face its economic consequences, either to make milk-producing a well-paid Government service, or subsidise the industry heavily, or persuade the public to pay much more. Unless this is done it is no use talking about training farmers "to conduct milking with an aseptic ritual akin to that used in the operating theatre."

I trust Dr. Moncrieff will not mind my emphasising the layman's point of view by a personal experience. Last year I had to undergo an operation, and in order to get the ritual used in the operating theatre I willingly paid a fee, for a morning's work and a few subsequent visits, which came to slightly more than my cowman's wages for a year. The alternative, which happened in this case to be impossible, was to go into a heavily subsidised hospital. One wonders what a surgeon would think if he had to draw his assistants from the less ambitious products of the village school, work in buildings perhaps half a century old and built for other purposes, and possibly be dependent, as in some villages now, upon carting water from miles away.

The medical attitude seems a little like that of the man who would stop the loss of life on our roads by fixing a speed limit of ten miles an hour. It would help matters more if the profession would define the degree of risk in drinking raw milk, pasteurised milk, and boiled milk by infants, children and adults. Most doctors of my acquaintance adopt the insanitary habit of pouring raw milk into a cup, adding some hot tea which can have no sterilising effect, and then drinking this mixture, when they could easily substitute, and persuade their patients to substitute, a similar mixture of boiled milk and coffee. It seems that they do not take the danger of raw milk upon adults very seriously. If they would fix on the weakest spots in milk preparation and consumption, concentrating on the boiling of milk, say, for the very young, they could probably reduce the risk considerably. At present the doctors seem to suggest that milk drinking is a bad habit, until it is perfectly safe, which is rather like telling a young man not to think of buying a car till the roads are perfectly safe. After all, there are dangers even in the usual English substitutes, such as beer. G.

SLAP UP

SIR,—In Mr. MacCarthy's article on Mr. Maugham's new play in your issue of September 16th, occurs the phrase "a slap-up wedding."

I have always regarded this exuberant hyphenated adjective as a Lancashire colloquialism which we in that county dearly like to use when describing a very splendid affair. Our small town had a visit a week ago from a famous West Indies cricketer, who speaks perfect English. After the match he was greatly puzzled when a committee man, inviting him to tea, asked him to come to a "slap-up do."

Is the word considered standard English now (in the article it did not appear in inverted commas), and how is it derived?

76 Edale Road, HAROLD THOMPSON
Leigh, Lancashire.

["Slap-up" is colloquial, but we have no evidence that it originated in Lancashire. It was common in the nineteenth century, and the New English Dictionary cites examples of its use—and not in inverted commas—by respectable writers. (*Cf. The Sporting Magazine*, 1827, "that slap-up work"; Dickens, *Letters*, "a slap-up Irish jaunting car"; Thackeray, *Paris Sketch Book*, "slap-up acquaintance"; Jerome, *Three Men In a Boat*, "a slap-up meal.")

The adjective slap-up is apparently connected with the adverb slap; but it is not clear how the meaning of "swiftly" or "directly" (slap) passed into "excellent" or "first rate" (slap up).—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE FOREIGN OFFICE

SIR,—In last week's issue H. J. L. criticised the bibliography in our book *The Foreign Office*, and I will not attempt to defend it except by saying that it is a bibliography of the Foreign Office strictly, and not of British Foreign policy.

But I cannot admit without protest the statement that "a student who relied upon it for his information would get nothing but scrappy gossip apart from two brief American treatises," because I think it ridiculously unfair to No. 6 on my list, Mr. Algernon Cecil's long chapter on the Foreign Office in Vol. III of the *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy*. This is a careful and serious piece of work, and I cannot believe that there is any responsible historian who would term it "scrappy gossip."

STEPHEN GASELEE

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

SIR,—If Mr. E. N. Gladden finds my notions on economics illuminating, his criticisms of my comments must, I think, strike many of your readers as even more so.

Under (1) of his letter in your issue of September 16th he says that "it is quite unnecessary that consumer income should cover all industrial costs." If that be so, then there must be an increasing volume of costs, represented physically by a growing surplus of products—consumers' goods, intermediate products and capital equipment—and represented financially by an increasing load of industrial debt. When the long term of American prosperity ended in 1929, the total industrial debt amounted to over two hundred thousand million dollars, representing outstanding industrial costs not covered by consumers' incomes. If this did not matter, why did not American prosperity continue?

As regards the loaf of bread, "the amount of consumer income required to take it off the market," *available at the moment of sale*, must be at least equal to the sum of all the money costs incurred over a past series of production processes, culminating in the loaf.

Under (2) he tells us that "every cost from the payer's point of view is an income from the receiver's point of view." When a manufacturer, X, obtains a loan, and uses it, as a payer, to buy materials from another manufacturer, Y, who, as receiver, pays it into his bank, where it is cancelled in repayment of a previous loan, the full amount appears, as a cost, in the prices of X's product.

Apart from profit, if any, what proportion of this sum does Y handle as consumer-income?

I can only beg Mr. Gladden to turn again to that literature of "inadequate assumptions and half-baked ideas," which he pro-

fesses to have examined so critically, especially "The Monopoly of Credit," and investigate further the nature of what Major Douglas has called "B payments."

Further, he says that "purchasing power may be . . . destroyed when paid back in liquidation of a bank loan," and this "is a characteristic of deflation." I suggest that it is a characteristic of bankers' loan-accountancy; deflation occurs when this process takes place more rapidly than the *issue* of bank loans.

Finally, in (3), after the unwarrantable statement that all credit must necessarily be loan-credit, he says that the issue proposed is a "dole." Most emphatically it is not a dole in any sense in which that word is understood by the public to-day. Had Mr. Gladden been at all conversant with the literature he reviles he could not possibly have written that paragraph about "confiscation," and I can only hope that investigators of more discernment will come to his aid.

A. W. COLEMAN

"Oakdene,"
Mundesley, Norfolk.

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA

SIR,—The account given by Sir John and Lady Maynard of the "condition-of-the-people question" is not, as Mr. Muggeridge asserts, "inaccurate and misleading." These adjectives apply not to the statements of Sir John and Lady Maynard but to those of Mr. Muggeridge. So far as the statements of the former concern town life in Soviet Russia, they are amply confirmed by my own investigations, undertaken recently at the instance of a well-known London publishing house. When Mr. Muggeridge declares that Sir John and Lady Maynard are "merely being nonsensical," he emphatically owes them an apology. For they are perfectly correct in stating that "there has been no abolition of the closed co-operatives." The decree cited by Mr. Muggeridge merely transferred certain co-operatives to the management of the factory which they serve, with a view to securing greater efficiency in such service. So far from having been abolished, the co-operatives are rapidly extending their activities, and practically the whole of the adult population belongs to them. Their membership has grown from 24,000,000 at the end of 1928 to 73,000,000 at the end of 1932. Their management, like that of the factory itself, is completely democratic, and there cannot be under the Soviet system that implied antagonism between workers and management which Mr. Muggeridge insinuates.

If, as Mr. Muggeridge contends, the rouble is only worth 300 to the £, then (as Sir John and Lady Maynard point out) "open market" prices are really ridiculously cheap. On this basis one can get in Moscow (at a leading café) coffee with milk for 1*d*., a glass of milk 1½*d*., a good omelet for 5*d*., pastries 1*d*., a glass of beer 1½*d*., and even salmon caviare for 2½*d*. These are "open market," not Torgsin, prices, and the menu from which I took them announced a 25 *per cent. reduction* in all prices as from June 1st last. Anyone can walk into the two leading hotels in Moscow, and for 12 and 10 roubles respectively, get an excellently cooked three-course dinner—for a cost, according to Mr. Muggeridge, of 10*d*. and 8*d*. respectively. My own estimate of the internal purchasing power of the rouble concurs with that of Sir John and Lady Maynard; and, as against Mr. Muggeridge's "nonsensical" valuation, the latter estimate places prices in a more reasonable light. With the rouble at 2*d*., for instance, the three-course meals mentioned above would cost respectively 2*s*. and 1*s*. 8*d*., not an excessive price compared with our West End restaurants, to which in quality the meals I had were equal!

When Mr. Muggeridge asserts, again, that "employees discharged run to several millions," he must know himself that he is talking nonsense. May one ask him to tell us just how many millions? The whole non-agricultural total of employees throughout the Soviet Union is 19 millions. Just what percentage, please, Mr. Muggeridge, has been discharged?

There is, at this moment, no unemployment in Russia; amongst all the many lies which have been told within the last few years about Soviet Russia this one is a new invention. Mr. Muggeridge stands alone, so far as I am aware, in talking irresponsibly of "millions of unemployed."

I, like Mr. Muggeridge, have met and talked with returned Russian subjects, as well as workers of other nationalities. I have not met one who did not praise sincerely the lines on which the Soviet Union is building its new life. Detailed criticism one hears, of course. It is called for and welcomed. But *not* regret at having returned. And my own detailed study confirms Sir John and Lady Maynard's statement that "Youth is happy in Russia."

It is tendentious writers like Mr. Muggeridge, and not impartial and trained investigators like Sir John and Lady Maynard, who are "inaccurate and misleading."

(Rev.) VICTOR MOODY

Horsham.

A BAD TAX

SIR,—Has full consideration yet been given to the widespread damage done to the interests of the tax-paying and rate-paying householder by such ill-considered and experimental taxation as the fuel-oil duty?

Let me emphasise my point with an instance which is illuminating in every sense of the word. The municipal and general town-gas industry uses 200,000 tons of oil each year. This is for carburetting or enriching the water-gas added to the coal-gas employed for lighting, heating, cooking, etc. The tax working out at £1 per ton, the consumer, always the ultimate footer of these bills, has to pay £200,000 per annum extra as a result of this impost.

J. W. BANFIELD

House of Commons. (M.P. for Wednesbury)

COLONEL GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON

Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison informs us that he has suffered considerable annoyance from a paragraph that appeared in the "London Diary" in our issue of July 29th last. "Critic" stated that the project to publish a Nazi organ in London was to be abandoned and that instead we were to have "an independent journal of British opinion," of which Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison was to be Editor. Colonel Hutchison informs us that this has been interpreted as meaning that he is not the Editor of an independent paper, but of a Nazi organ. This implication was not intended, and if such an interpretation can be or has been placed upon these words, we join with "Critic" in expressing our regret to Colonel Hutchison. We do not doubt Colonel Hutchison's independence or question the sincerity of his views.—ED., *N.S. & N.*

Miscellany

SUPERNORMAL OR SUPER-NATURAL?

NOWHERE do the human will-to-believe and—equally pertinacious—the will-to-disbelieve operate with quite such irrational and perplexing obstinacy as in the literature that has grown up around Spiritualism. Given the intrinsic selfishness of human beings, it is inevitable that a large number of otherwise hard-headed men and women should wish to accept the existence of a future world; and it is no less inevitable that men and women of a somewhat different persuasion, uninfluenced by the sense of personal loss, should retort that if this—the dream-land suggested by automatic writing and the messages of entranced mediums—is the only sphere of activity that awaits them, like Achilles they would prefer the meanest life on earth to dominion among the peoples of the dead. For how fragmentary is the universe that Spiritualism offers! Pietistic reflections that might well have been gathered from the pages of a third-rate tract; vague and often exceedingly childish references to the conditions of life "beyond the veil," where houses are built of thought and garments woven from the "smells" of decaying material; unimportant yet, it must be admitted, sometimes strangely convincing memories of life as they experienced it on the mortal plane are the sole proof alleged "spirits" can bring forward that personality does not disintegrate with the physical organism.

And then, of course, there is our primitive dread of the supernatural. Having learned that a scientist as distinguished as the late Sir William Crookes claimed to have domesticated a supernatural visitant, to have walked arm in arm with it, allowed it to nurse the baby, photographed it (though "Katie King" was so far removed from the mundane concerns of her sex that she made a stipulation her photographs should never be published), we apprehend that what happened to the scientist,

to ourselves—unprotected by the august aegis of an intensive scientific training—may happen in double measure. Unfortunately, the scepticism of non-Spiritualists, though often warranted, is sometimes brought into play without due investigation of the phenomena they hope to discount. For instance, as to the fraudulent aspect of modern mediumship—the fact that a celebrated medium has been, at one time, convicted of deliberate trickery does not invalidate the results that, at another time, under an even stricter system of control, he or she has been able to produce. Mediumship is extremely exhausting to the medium; some mediums it leaves in a state bordering on complete physical collapse. The medium, therefore, like the popular scientific demonstrator, may get into the habit of counterfeiting the manifestations that he knows are expected, or of improving on the results that he obtains. Mediumship may be exploited or commercialised; the gift itself is worthy of examination.

At this juncture several difficulties block the way. In the first place, such is the atmosphere of Spiritualism, and such are the emotions that it arouses in the most scientific and supposedly unprejudiced of human minds, that the testimony of the physicist, chemist or psychologist who has once fallen under their spell is often as open to grave suspicion as that of the least experienced investigator. Can we describe and analyse the facts—if facts there are that will stand analysis—without becoming involved in the crucial question by which all human beings are as painfully exercised: whether the human intelligence survives death? In his recent, carefully documented and extremely interesting "critical introduction to psychic science," which he entitles *The Supernormal*,* Mr. G. C. Barnard attacks the problem of psychic phenomena without recourse to the Spiritualist hypothesis. He believes, that is to say, in the objective reality of the manifestations he describes; that results *are* obtained by professional mediums and others which it is impossible either to dismiss as the products of clever trickery or to explain in terms of our present knowledge. His point is—and I cannot help thinking it an exceedingly sensible one—that to postulate that these phenomena are the work of some spiritual agency does not, in the last resort, help us to explain and understand them: it is merely to introduce an unknown factor. We must be sure there is no rational explanation, that psychic phenomena cannot be envisaged from a material standpoint, before invoking the assistance of the wholly unknowable.

Mr. Barnard's first chapters are destructive. While discussing mediumship he draws a comparison, already, I think, made by Freud, between the psychology of mediumship and that of hysteria, between the medium's conduct and that of the hypnotised patient. Double, triple, even quadruple personalities are not unknown to psychologists who practise hypnotism; these separate, disassociated personalities may speak with different voices, give themselves different names, and display an entirely different set of characteristics, from the patient in his normal waking state. Now, the apparent "possession" of a medium by a personality completely unlike his or hers—a gruff masculine voice speaking, in character, through the lips of a timid peasant woman—has been adduced by believers as proof that the medium is really inhabited by the "Spirit Control" for whom he or she professes to act as mouthpiece. Here the author refers us to Mrs. Sidgwick's dissection of Mrs. Piper's trance phenomena; "in great detail she has traced the rise and fall of various Controls, and set forth their errors, their common memories and associations of ideas." Grammatical slips, characteristic of Mrs. Piper, recurred in the discourses of her Controls, though one of these was no less a person than George Eliot. In other words, "George Eliot" and "George Pelham"—I am plain George Pelham, *and no angel as I know of*," the latter observed—were subdivisions of Mrs. Piper's own unconscious.

This, however, is but a crude instance of the part played by the medium's unconscious self in the so-called "spirit-messages" he utters. More interesting is the case of Helen Smith, a young woman, described by Professor Flournoy in his book *From India to the Planet Mars*, who claimed to have visited Mars in spirit and to have there learned the Martian tongue—an idiom which bore a strong resemblance to French (Miss Smith inhabited Geneva), being identical with it both in grammar and syntax, every French word having its exact Martian equivalent. Such are the powers of the unconscious mind, that Miss Smith was able to "maintain this language consistently" throughout some forty seances. When Professor Flournoy commented to the medium on the relationship between Martian and French, Miss Smith's unconscious self retaliated by producing a new "ultra-Martian language . . . having no discoverable grammar or syntax at all." It must be added that the medium, in waking life, was quite innocent of any intention to defraud.

Beginning with mediums who purport to deliver messages (in which they have the telepathic aid of those who are anxious to receive them), Mr. Barnard extends his study to mediums whose business it is to produce visible or palpable phenomena. "Ectoplasm," that curious, rather repulsive, semi-fluid substance which may issue from the medium's nose or mouth, from the crown of the head, the navel or the loins, is, he believes, indeed extruded, to be employed by the medium, much as a sculptor uses clay, in building up a variety of materialised forms. No reader who has dipped into the works of Madame Alexandre-Bisson and Dr. von Schrenk-Notzing is likely to have forgotten the photographs they append of the medium, Eva C., in a state of trance. Though rigorously examined before and after a sitting, sewn up in a dress from which she had no means of extricating herself, now netted in a thick veil, now secluded behind a fine mesh which stretched from the ceiling to the floor, Eva, in full view of the assistants and a relatively strong light, managed to produce again and again, over a course of years, apparitions which ranged from more or less complete human figures to inchoate faces, feet and hands. Sometimes, in a flash-light photograph, we see ectoplasm pouring from her mouth through her veil (it was ascertained, by the way, that the substance could not have emanated from her stomach), and sometimes we see it on her head, in her lap, on the floor or crawling, with a stealthy reptilian movement, up her naked body; sometimes a flattened sinister human visage, all the more horrific for being so commonplace, comes peering round the edge of a black curtain.

The validity of these experiments, it may be objected, only rests upon the good faith of those who arranged them; but then so, for that matter, does the validity of any scientific experiment in its early stages. There seems no reason to doubt the competence of the highly sceptical and inquisitive Dr. von Schrenk-Notzing; while it would be hard to supply a motive for so long, complicated and difficult a process of deception. Assuming, then, that the production of ectoplasm is an established fact, we have to decide whether between its production and the doctrines of Spiritualism there can be discerned any necessary and vital link. Like many other "spiritualist" phenomena, the phenomena of materialisation have very little purpose or point. The medium produces ectoplasm as a kind of supernormal *tour de force*; and the shapes into which she fashions it are often regulated by the interests or desires of her audience. "Given that the medium extrudes ectoplasm," writes Mr. Barnard, "it is obvious that she wishes to do or make something with it, and that it will thus be organised and moulded by some idea in her mind. Miss Goligher, influenced doubtless by the mechanical interests of Dr. Crawford, evolved rods and levers, but most mediums, who are, as a rule, pious spiritualists with no particular scientific interests and theories, wish to materialise spirits, or at least hands and faces which they and their friends may take to be genuine incarnations of some departed soul." Mr. Barnard's theory of "ideoplasticity," according to which materialisation is a kind of day-dreaming—day-dreaming made solid for all to see—helps to explain the fragmentary character of the forms materialised, and the presence of faces that would appear

* *The Supernormal.* By G. C. Barnard. *Rider.* 7s. 6d.

to have been cut from a modern picture paper. They are the rubbish of a half-educated mind, which has supernormal—but not supernatural—gifts.

On the longest, and perhaps the most hazardous, stage of his journey, space forbids that I should accompany Mr. Barnard. Having accepted the production of ectoplasm, he uses it to explain a great many phenomena—such, for example, as "spirit" hands moulded in liquid paraffin and withdrawn from the unbroken cast, the impression of a foot between two sealed slates, and the movement of objects at a distance. Poltergeist phenomena—the best-known modern case being that of the Serbian girl whom Mr. Harry Price examined—are also explicable by this convenient hypothesis. Clairvoyance and cryptaesthesia, and the achievement of a medium who succeeded in interlocking two wooden rings, each of them turned from a single piece, and tying knots in an endless rope, prove considerably more difficult to deal with. Somewhat rashly, Mr. Barnard falls back on *Four-Dimensional Physics*. Here I cannot pretend either that I always understood him, or that, when I understood him, I was altogether convinced. Still, right or wrong, Mr. Barnard is a very stimulating guide; while the attitude he has taken up has the immense advantage of making it possible to examine psychic phenomena unfluttered by the traditional hopes and fears. He has helped to show that our recognition of the supernormal may be consistent with a wholesale rejection of Spiritualist dogma.

PETER QUENNELL

THOMAS MANN AND WAGNER

I WAS told by a German musician that their famous novelist Thomas Mann had written a remarkable article on Wagner, of whose music he had been a lifelong devotee, which had appeared in *Die Neue Rundschau* and had created something of a sensation among musicians, partly because it was in the nature of a recantation of his hero-worship for the one and only Richard. At some trouble and expense I procured the number of this well-known German review in which Thomas Mann's article appeared, which was for the month of April last. Mann's article is given the second place in the review, is entitled "Leiden und Grösse Richard Wagner" (Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner), and covers fifty pages—at least twice the length of any other article in the review.

Of the "greatness" of Thomas Mann the novelist I know nothing, not being a reader of novels; but he is reputed one of their best and most widely read authors, and his books have been translated into English and other languages. I started to read his article at the end of May last and I have not yet finished it and now never will; but by making what I ask the reader to believe was a truly prodigious effort, a desperate grinding of the teeth, I fought my way through twenty-one pages (nearly half) of it. I have been recovering from this effort ever since, and with that good conscience which comes from hard work I now allow myself the irresponsibility of declaring that the Germans can neither write nor think. This is not a new discovery. Our celebrated Greek scholar Porson, generations ago, made his famous remark: "German scholars dive deeper and come up muddier than any others"—and time has only reinforced its truth. There is nothing in all these fifty pages by Thomas Mann that could not have been said in five pages, and perhaps those five pages would have hardly been worth reading even then. If this article by Thomas Mann could have made a sensation in Germany, so that—as I have heard—even Richard Strauss referred to it publicly, it only shows how vague and confused the German mentality is, and how easy it is to lead it astray and impress it with cloudy philosophisings and pretentious generalisations which are nothing but bubbles filled with useless gas. I could point to long passages in this article, sometimes covering a whole page, which are perfect examples of bedevilment through mere intellectualism—ideas without meaning; and I find that my irritation as I read has led me to annotate the margins of Mann's article with such expression's as "What does this mean, does it mean anything at all?'

The beginning of Mann's article is characteristic; this is his first sentence: "Suffering and great, like the century whose most perfect expression it is, the nineteenth, appears before my eyes the spiritual form of Richard Wagner." This sentence, in its peculiar blend of spurious effect and nonsense, is typically German and worthy of the prose style of Wagner himself. When Mann tries to explain in what way he considers Wagner to be more representative of the nineteenth century than any other artist, he mixes nineteenth century ingredients together in an amazing jumble and hands out the names Balzac, Tolstoy and Zola as if all three meant exactly the same thing. This lack of critical discrimination of writers by a writer is what Goethe himself would have described as mere dilettantism; one expects it from a novelist writing about music or painting, but if Mann can speak of Zola, Tolstoy and Balzac as if they were interchangeable gold currency, each weighing the same number of grains, then he is not to be trusted even in his own province of letters. Rather is he like M. Romain Rolland, for whom Beethoven and Wagner are great creative spirits equally mighty, as if unaware that Beethoven was a musician of the first order and Wagner a gifted theatrical composer. That somebody of Mann's reputation should babble like a paragraph writer for the daily press, bracketing Shakespeare with Mr. Noel Coward, is an indignity not even a German should be expected to suffer. In Mann's dilettantism everything loses its individual concreteness. He speaks of French Impressionistic Painting, of the English, Russian and French Novel and of German Music—the German capital letters reinforcing the deceptive idealising personification and inducing belief in these as realities. But is there any reality behind these words? Mann might create one by the power of his imagination and reveal it to us, but he does not do this, he merely uses abstract terms and puts them in capital letters. Examine the phrase: "French Impressionistic Painting." What is behind this? The paintings of painters so different as Monet, Manet, Renoir and half a dozen others. What is the "English Novel"? Dickens or Thackeray or Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë or Emily Brontë or Disraeli? Of course it is necessary to generalise in order to think at all, and there is a sense in which we may therefore contend that all "thinking" is a fraud; but there are degrees of fraud, and the degree in the case of Herr Thomas Mann's essay is too great.

He declares that Zola's *Rougon Macquart* and Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* belong together, and this looks at first like a promising notion from which we may learn something; but, alas, it is only to say that there is in both a naturalism which climbs into the symbolic and grows into myth. "Is not," he asks, "Nana, that Astarte of the second Empire, a Symbol and a Myth?" and the words "myth," "symbol" and "psychology" recur with repetitive meaningless sonority, like Wagner's own brass whenever he wishes to say something it is clear he thinks important. But they remain big words and tell us nothing whatever. This present-day German weakness for accepting mere words as realities is the chief characteristic of Mann's writing on Wagner, and he considers Wagner a great psychologist for no better reason than because the love-potion has a symbolic sense and might actually be pure water—"this is the poetical idea of a great Psychologist," he declares, and it leads him to compare Wagner with Freud, whom he describes as "another typical Son of the nineteenth century." In any case Wagner did not invent the idea of the love-potion, and we may be forgiven for not being able to obtain a clear idea of the character of a century of which Tolstoy, Zola, Balzac, Wagner and Freud are equally typical.

One may crystallise one's dissatisfaction with Thomas Mann's criticism of Wagner by stating that he is always writing about *Mythus*, *Psychologie* and *Epos*, but hardly ever about music. Actually, however, he once lets this cat out of the bag, and it is an illuminating spectacle—the sole glimpse we

get of reality throughout his article. He quotes Wagner's letter to Liszt in 1859 from Lucerne, in which speaking of *Tristan* Wagner says that really as a musician he feels himself a deplorable bungler, and that Liszt should see him sitting helplessly before his pianoforte unable to get things to go right, and how in that mood what an inner conviction he has of his musical cheapness (*musicalischen Lumpenhaftigkeit*). As usual Wagner is more intelligent than the Wagnerites, and making due allowance for the fits of depression from which all artists suffer I am convinced that Wagner did in his heart know that he was not a musician in the sense that Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Haydn were musicians, although we may take with a grain of salt his unfavourable comparison of himself with Liszt in this same letter. Still, even that has an element of truth, and it is a pity that Thomas Mann did not see fit to write an article on Wagner confining himself to this question. It would have been more pertinent than his fifty pages on *Mythus, Psychologie, Naturalismus*, and all the rest of it which we may dismiss as the purest Teutonic Bunkumismus.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"As You Desire Me"

As You Desire Me, the Pirandello play with which the Gate Theatre opens its season, is a poignant masterpiece which should on no account be missed. The metaphysical formula is unchanged. The plot has all the strained artificiality of its predecessors. But dramatically it is stronger in construction than any of them, except perhaps *The Pleasures of Honesty*, and the humanity of the characters is richer and deeper. The first act is easy, straightforward melodrama, technically a model of compression. Drunk and savagely unhappy, Elma, a Berlin cabaret dancer, reels home to her degenerate novelist keeper, followed by an earnest young man who persists in calling her Signora Lucia. In his mind she is recognisably the wife of an old friend. Lucia Pieri, ten years earlier, had vanished after being outraged by Austrian raiders who had burnt her home. In desperation, Elma clutches at the chance of a new life. Prompted, she remembers Lucia's past; and when Carl Salter tries to shoot her she agrees to return to Pieri, who still mourns her loss.

At Pieri's villa she is accepted as Lucia. Half reluctantly, half eagerly, she gropes for her new personality, to be patiently built up by the aid of her husband, anxious to restore her lost memory, and from an old diary she has found. Still she cannot be sure that no doubt remains in his mind. Just as she has succeeded she learns that Lucia's return was highly desirable to avoid litigation about her dowry. The doubts are renewed, and then Salter arrives for his revenge with the real Lucia, a helpless lunatic whom he has unearthed in Vienna. In the last act the Pirandellian paradox is laid bare. Which is the true wife of Bruno Pieri? Only Elma can answer; and before she does so she exposes the fallacy of all the evidence against her. Spiritually she has recreated the Lucia of her husband's memory—only in her body is she not Lucia. Which does Bruno want, Lucia's body or her spirit? As she leaves the *ménage*, stricken and dumbfounded amid the wreckage of its hopes, Elma realises herself. The victory is with her, since in recreating Lucia she has recreated herself.

It is dramatic, poignant, compelling. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's beautiful intellectual poise, her suggestion of a passion frozen in circumstance, are exactly right in these last scenes, however inappropriate among the champagne bottles of the first act. No actress more difficult to fit with a part, she demonstrates once again her uniqueness in a part which fits her. Miss Joan Pereira is charmingly, sentimentally human in the part of Lucia's aunt, but as the husband Mr. Alan Webb is unfortunately wooden. Mr. Alaistair Sims's study of malicious brutality as Salter is admirable.

Ballets Russes : "Carnaval"

There was little of Schumann, less of Fokine, and very much less than either of Diaghilev in this revival of *Carnaval*, which used to be one of the most popular items of his repertoire. The revival lacked that spontaneous gaiety and effortless eagerness which, as it were, put a bloom on his presentations of this traditionally romantic subject. There was none of these qualities in M. David Lichine's Harlequin. He muffled all his dances and failed to give most of the essential characteristics of the part. More unfortunate still, he limited Mlle. Danilova in her part of Columbine, of which she could easily give a finer rendering with a better cavalier. M. Massine is too great an artist to fail to invest even the small part of Eusebius with personality and partner brilliantly Mlle. Verchinina's beautifully danced Chiarina. M. Ladré's characterisation of Pantalon was very good, but by far the most ably and delightfully danced part of the performance was Mlle. Kirsova's Papillon. She gave quickness, lightness, precision and certainty to her highly technical solo dance and would have stood out even in a much better general performance. The *decor* looked unimpressive and the costumes rather as if collected from old theatrical stock and brought out for an airing. The orchestral direction was uncertain and at its best indifferently good; which must have reacted on the dancers, especially the minor parts and the *corps de ballet*, and hampered them in giving the best which they are capable.

"What Happened Then," at the Kingsway

This is a mystery play about a murder, and one of the best shows in London. A lady sitting behind me was still guessing the identity of the culprit in the middle of the last act, and plumping for the fingerprint expert. I decided afterwards that this was the most logical conclusion, but I knew at the time that she could not be right, as he had appeared in only one act and for five minutes. Actually, any experienced theatre-goer can spot the murderer at first sight, and yet the play keeps one's excitement bubbling. For if the authoress has not written a very ingenious play, she has written a number of very good parts. If I wished to give a foreigner an unduly high opinion of English acting, this is the play I should take him to. Even the Judge, one of the smallest parts, is a *tour de force*—all the malignity of legal dotage concentrated in a querulous voice and a pair of pince-nez on a thin pointed nose. There is not room here to mention every actor, and as each one was brilliant it would be invidious to mention any. But I should like to see the entire company set to do a series of plays. *What Happened Then* was the first of a number of plays now being tried out at the Fortune Theatre, each for a week at reduced prices.

A Good Low Comedian

Julian Wylie's *Good Company* at the Lyceum lives up to its title. Albert Burdon is an excellent low comedian from the North, quick, original and infectious, with enough gags to be funny for a whole evening without repeating himself, and a nice voice which he murders delightfully. One of his songs, about a seaside shelter, is a stroke of genius, and a Means Test Committee provides him with some new material. The "full supporting programme" drags in places, but on the whole it is adequate, and there is a jaunty seaside-concert-party air about the whole show that betrays its provincial origin, and makes one glad of it for a change.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 22nd—
Demonstration for the release of the Reichstag Prisoners. Full Report of the International Commission of Lawyers on the Firing of the Reichstag. Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
"Lilac Time," Aldwych Theatre.

SATURDAY, September 23rd—
F.P.S.I. Annual Conference and General Meeting. Speakers include C. E. M. Joad, Barbara Wootton, Kingsley Martin, J Middleton Murry. Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City.
"Indian Summer," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

SUNDAY, September 24th—
Prof. H. Levy on "Changing the World," Conway Hall, 11.
W. Farrell and A. R. Tomson on "Socialism *v.* Fascism." Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, September 25th—
G. K. Chesterton on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.
"Disharmony," Fortune Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 27th—
Flower Show, Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show, Olympia.
Oliver Baldwin on "Films," B.B.C., 6.50.
"Women Kind," Phœnix Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 28th—
"Before Sunset," Shaftesbury Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE people who break records often write books about their exploits, but how wearisome these records of "records" are! Their authors blow up their log-books with as many thousand words as the publishers tell them are necessary, and the reader, finding nothing but wind and the few hard little facts, feels somehow cheated. "Thrilling," he sighs to himself. "That must have been a thrilling and a beautiful experience." But he is wistful and unhappy for he doesn't feel thrilled and all he has learned has been a string of names and a few hazy pictures of oceans and mountain ranges. He has been left knowing less about the motive force of the flight (if it is a flight) than he usually does about aerodynamics. The machine is an aeroplane built to fly and the pilot has been trained to fly it. But what makes it fly, and what makes the pilot set off alone across a waste of ocean? Who can tell? The answers to these questions are given in *Seaplane Solo*, by Francis Chichester (Faber and Faber, 10*s.* 6*d.*) which is the most exciting book I have read about flying. Though temperamentally one of the record breakers, he writes really well and has a surprising gift for describing his own feelings.

Moreover, this is not an account of a record at all. The record for flying across the Tasman Sea belongs to somebody else; it was Mr. Chichester's method of performing the feat which was unique. Engine failure on such a flight would mean death but it is the vicious storms which are the chief danger. Otherwise, in a big machine like one of the transatlantic planes, it would not be difficult. Australia is a large target and the distance a mere 1,450 miles. Mr. Chichester hadn't such a plane or the money to buy one, but he was determined to do this ocean flight. Why?

> Often I thought the reason was fear. I suppose everyone is afraid of something: and that all fears, whether of incurable disease, of death, or merely of spiders, are equally terrible to their owners. Mine was the thought of heading across an ocean in a plane, and it was fast becoming a habit for that thought to give me the cold shudders. And every time this fear came to me, the thought bit deeper into me that I could not allow it to make me a coward and that I must exorcise it by experiencing it myself.

* * *

Mr. Chichester had, however, an old Moth on which he had already flown out solo from London to Sydney. It had done 33,000 miles and was good for more. "But the question was to make a plane with a 950-mile range cross a 1,450 mile ocean." Study of the globe showed the existence of Norfolk Island 480 miles from New Zealand and Lord Howe Island, 561 miles from Norfolk Island which was 480 miles from Sydney. It was impossible for an aeroplane to land on these precipitous and rocky bits of land, so Mr. Chichester decided to put floats on his Moth and call it a seaplane. There was a pair of old floats lying about which he wangled out of the New Zealand Government. Then, after practising taking sextant observations and working out a system of navigation, he set out. After he had begun his flight, just before he left the coast of New Zealand, he "shot" the sun four times.

> This would be the last chance to check my astronomical navigation. I worked out the position-line resultant from the sight: then turned to the chart. The observation was 140 miles out. For a second panic seized me. I was going to look for a 4½-mile island 500 miles away and here was a mistake of 140 miles. The night before I had checked my chronometer watch with Greenwich mean time to the nearest half second: it was then 10 minutes 55 secs. slow. I had forgotten to apply this correction to the work just done. Then panic gave place to the desperation of extreme helplessness on recalling the infinite variety of such childish errors it was possible to make.

His method was to head his plane for a point ninety miles to the left of the island. While he flew towards this point on the chart he made frequent observations of the sun until he reached the exact bearing of latitude of the island, then he turned right and headed directly for it. By this means drift errors for the earlier part of the flight would be eliminated and he would be sure, on the last ninety miles, of having the island in front of him, and the setting sun behind him. The risk was that the sky might be clouded over, in which case he could not take the all-important observations. The map at the end of the book does not show this course but merely a line connecting New Zealand and the islands, and there is not even a scale of miles attached. The purchaser of a half-guinea book deserves better treatment.

* * *

Mr. Chichester ran into cloud but he was just able to get the critical sextant observations and he reached Norfolk Island successfully. His stay there was prolonged by accidents to the machine and an extreme difficulty in taking off. Thus for days we are living with him there sharing the life of a half-French family. Then once more he is off. The flight to Lord Howe Island was more adventurous and more difficult—but that was accomplished too and Mr. Chichester anchored his seaplane and went safely to bed. He woke to find that a gale had risen and that his machine was wrecked, lying upside down, bumping the upper plane on the bottom of the sea. This disaster was the making in the flight and of the book, the incident which transformed a dangerous exploit into a really interesting adventure. For, after dismantling the wreck and carrying it ashore in pieces, Mr. Chichester and the islanders between them conceived the idea of rebuilding the seaplane on the island. Thus, instead of sharing the intense and monotonous strain of a lonely man in danger of being drowned (but who we know was not), we are introduced to the small world of Mr. Chichester's hosts and helpers and learn about what must be the most attractive island in existence. The inhabitants are Australian in origin but soft spoken and never rude, and the climate is perfect—the temperature never under 50° or over 80°. And the seed of the Lord Howe Island palms is the only kind that will germinate in cold countries. The New South Wales Government has the monopoly of this seed and:

> The profits were divided among the islanders, each man's share being in proportion to his age and residence. If he earned other money by doing other work in addition, his share of the profits was cut down correspondingly. So that Phil Dignam . . . therefore actually paid for the privilege of working.

They were not, however, penalised for unpaid work and rebuilding an aeroplane appealed to them immensely. In its later stages the work became a picnic, with the girls stitching the linen on the wings and the men re-assembling the motor on the principle that:

> All the tinfuls of nuts, bolts, washers and screws and parts must be used up. If anything were left over, I nosed round the motor till a place was found for it. In the end the motor seemed quite all right except that it would not go.

When once the machine had been finished and carried out by an army of volunteers and launched by hand, it was essential for Mr. Chichester to get away quickly before a storm should wreck it again since there was no safe anchorage. When he had repaid his hosts for their hospitality and their help with joy rides round Ball's Pyramid—a needle of rock which rises 1,800 feet sheer from the sea—he set off on the last most dangerous lap. There are few things so unpleasant as listening to an aero engine missing and then firing again as one is flying. Even if one is two or three thousand feet up with dozens of large fields within gliding distance, it is disturbing. Mr. Chichester's engine missed and fired and missed again, picking up just in time to save him, for hour after hour. He ran into a blinding storm and had to fly just over the surface of a raging sea, skimming the crests of the waves. And he describes everything that he felt as clearly and as simply as he explains how he made an inclinometer in order to rig the planes at the correct angle to each other. The last page is perhaps the finest and most unforgettable thing in the whole book.

DAVID GARNETT

COMMANDER KENWORTHY

Sailors, Statesmen and Others. By Lt.-Comdr. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY. *Rich and Cowan.* 18*s.*

When the big boys are at their mysterious games an irrepressible urchin is often to be found scrummaging joyously near the dust among the flying arms and legs. He has a hard and happy time of it; hard because of the indignant cuffs and snubs he gets from authority, happy because he knows what is going on at the top of his world and is even able, by reckless pressure applied at the lower part of an anatomy, to affect the motions of its head. This precocious youngster is a thorough nuisance, but he gets the popularity of a cheeky fighter, and when he has grown a bit he either takes a commanding hand in the game or starts a new one of his own.

Such is the impression one gets from Commander Kenworthy's autobiography. He has hurled himself with glee into every scrimmage, national and international, which has been going on since 1914, and now, a little worn by the continued indifference of those who rule the roost, but unconquerably cheerful, he comes out for a breather, and tells us, without malice and without discretion, just what things look like from near the floor. This book is full of "the story which has never been told before," the inner history of the inner council as obtained from the corridor, and the candid comment on the curious behaviour of "my old friend." If it is read merely for the unholy joy of finding out exactly what Commander Kenworthy has brought away from his indefatigable contact with the big political boys all over the world, it should be a best seller. (For instance, the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas is reported to have delivered himself thus when the formation of the National Government threw him out of employment as physician-in-chief for unemployment: "I had cruel luck, boys! Just as trade had turned the corner Hatry bolted and Wall Street bust.") But it is much more than a bag of political dirty linen deodorised by sea breezes, or even a debunker's paradise. For Commander Kenworthy, although irrepressible, is not irresponsible. Writing of his generation, he says: "Certainly the youth of England, America, France and Germany have to bear a heavy responsibility for supineness, timidity, and lack of courage in the post-war years. A few of us had, or made, the opportunity. I was one of these; and the reader can judge from these pages whether I made full use of the opportunity." The vigorous, even reckless, pursuit of opportunity is not in question: "The way you keep at it is astonishing to a comparatively lazy man like yours faithfully, George Bernard Shaw." But what made Commander Kenworthy keep at it? If one applies the usual tests of public life in the last fifteen years—Versailles, Black-and-Tannery, Russian Trade, the General Strike, the Crisis—he comes out consistently on the side of enlightened moderation and justice. And yet there is nowhere in this book a coherent discussion of the political and economic tendencies which have thrown up the events in which the author has been so busy. The anarchic politics of transition have shifted him, like many another of aristocratic connections and conventional training, all the way from Whiggery to the Labour Party; but no reader of this book is likely to discover where he stands in regard to Fascism, Communism and parliamentary Democracy. It may be that he finds himself on the side of the angels more by good luck and the blessing of a fighting spirit than by good intellectual management. For his parliamentary nickname was "Opposition"; he liked nothing better than to stand up single-handed to a howling House of Commons, and, as most of the post-war scrimmages have been conducted farcically in bond to an obsolete set of rules, the lot of the pugnacious free lance with an elementary sense of justice was almost automatically praiseworthy.

Commander Kenworthy's proudest exploit was his attempt as a "Young Turk" to bring the Admiralty authorities to a sense of their ineptitude in face of the submarine menace in 1917. The Navy being at that time a lion led by Admiralty asses, it was Commander Kenworthy's job to make the lion roar through the mouth of the press Lords. His recollection of what was said when he met Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe might have been written by Mr. C. K. Munro:

NORTHCLIFFE: Tell the Prime Minister what the bluejackets think of it all.

KENWORTHY: They say that the Admiralty has "sold" the Navy.

PRIME MINISTER: Can that really be so?

NORTHCLIFFE: Yes, I have heard from other sources that it is so.

KENWORTHY: You see, Sir, they see this great force lying inactive and the Germans allowed to do pretty well what they like.

NORTHCLIFFE: Now, P.M., why couldn't you take a man like—on your secretariat?

PRIME MINISTER: You mean here, in Downing Street?

NORTHCLIFFE: Yes. In the same position as Cecil to the Army.

PRIME MINISTER: Could I do that?

NORTHCLIFFE: Of course. You are Prime Minister of England. You could do it with a stroke of your pen.

PRIME MINISTER: Well, I will make a note of that.

This episode is extraordinarily interesting as a commentary on the way big things get done in England, and of all the author's exploits it was the one in which his action was demonstrably effective. Usually, he had to be content to strike in the right direction without knowing if the blow got home. It is curious, indeed, that he has never been allowed to take a commanding hand in the game. Nothing came of his nomination as Viceroy by the Indian Princes in 1930, and in a very breezy discussion of the personalities and political groupings which led from the second Labour Government to the crisis of 1931 he comforts himself for his exclusion from office in the belief that Mr. MacDonald, through fear of him, offered him a peerage instead of a portfolio. However that may be, it is certain that the autobiography of Commander Kenworthy as a member of the Government would have been very different from this book, which is, with all its blatancies, banalities, and bounce, more amusing than most of the words that fall from those who govern us.

BARRINGTON GATES

NEW NOVELS

The Snows of Helicon. By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Deer. By R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

They Brought Their Women. By EDNA FERBER. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Journal of Arthur Stirling. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Opening Day. By DAVID GASCOYNE. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Haven't you any sense?" says Mr. Bert Byles near the end of *The Snows of Helicon.* "Can't you see that what my guv'nor says is just what he means, and no less? That is to say, if you understand what he means. Sometimes I don't." And my own sympathies are with this bo'sun. Does Travers, does Mr. Tomlinson, say less than he means, or mean less than he says? Or both? Or neither? Or what? Nearly all of Mr. Tomlinson's story seems to be enveloped in one of those warm, muffling, Gulf Stream fogs which, at one moment, he describes with his particular and specialised skill. To keep one's sense of direction in it requires instruments of precision. It blurs the physical outline of nearly everybody with a part to play in the tale. Somehow it even makes all their voices sound alike.

The idea of *escape*, of making a getaway from whatever is urban or constricting, has lain at the root of much of Mr. Tomlinson's most ambitious writing. It was from that springboard that he himself took the leap in *The Sea and the Jungle;* the central figure in *Gallions Reach* had perforce to take the same headlong jump. In *The Snows of Helicon* the escaper and the escape are both present, but both are shadowy and ill-defined. Travers is a gifted and highly successful architect, with a practice which apparently straddles the Atlantic; and inasmuch as he is a professional man he would seem to be a Tomlinsonian symbol of the "modernity" which expresses itself in the Empire State Building or the Dorchester. But deep within this middle-aged Success there lie germinating seeds of Beauty: he remembers through the busy years how once he saw the gleam of sun-struck snow on Helicon, where dwelt Apollo, and cherishes the memory of a marble temple on an Aegean island, which is threatened by the engineering schemes of Lord Snarge, one of those supermen of interlocking Big Business who are becoming standardised Satans of contemporary morality plays. The germinating seeds have made Travers broody during a homeward voyage to Liverpool. After landing, the storm breaks; in part wilfully, in part willy-nilly, he slips away from his wife and from the work that awaits him, and wafts himself into South America, rough environments, the customary cross-fire of revolutionaries' bullets, in the company of the faithful, though puzzled, Mr. Byles. Meanwhile Mrs. Travers is left to the care of an enigmatic Oxford-and-Harvard lover, young Mantell, who wins her during her search for the missing John, and is presumably left with her when Travers allows himself to be blown up in the doomed temple on Colonna when

the electricians have decided that it must make room for their power-station. And so he dies.

But what does Travers, what does Mr. Tomlinson, *want?* He is an unsatisfying figure, because he can denounce but cannot announce. "Men were entangled enough with their costly and elaborate contrivances; they had made an ugly prison for themselves and locked it from the inside. What did they proudly call their muck, brought about by their ingenuity? Civilisation. Away with it! They were fouling their star." That, in general, is the tone of the numerous soliloquies, spoken and unspoken, of Mr. Tomlinson's black-coated revel. We go on reading in the double hope of finding Mr. Tomlinson's descriptive gift finding some elbow-room (which it does occasionally), and of discovering what blessed escape Travers will find (which is death by dynamite, and answers none of the questions). Fundamentally, Travers is a man afraid of modern civilisation rather than a man boldly hating it; he does not, in his crisis, face up to it, nor even escape it: he runs away.

In Mrs. Hernekin Baptist's novel, *Wild Deer*, the negro De la Harpe (also a symbolic figure) does not run away, and the whole staging of the conflict, if somewhat contrived and at moments melodramatic, is clear-cut, both in conception and presentation. Her previous novel, *Four Frightened Negresses*, was a curious *tour de force*, a blend of pictorial romanticism and propaganda, in which the central ideas of this second study of the African native question (a bleak phrase) were outlined, as it were, prospectively. *Wild Deer* is almost as unabashedly propagandist as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Looking at Africa with honest emotionalism, Mrs. Baptist, in honest anger, insists that "the dominant race in Africa must be black." But she will have no new Liberias, no Marcus Garveys, no well-meaning, uplifting societies—"there's only one way to do it, and that is to save the native from contact with the civilised. Even if that contact does come from someone of their own colour in passionate sympathy with them." The character through whom she works out her vision of a return to black nature is a gifted American negro intellectual, De la Harpe, a famous singer from Louisiana. Coming to South Africa to sing, and at the same time to explore his own deep nostalgia, De la Harpe meets with clashing currents of sympathy and outrage, and in the end, influenced by a Dutch trader with a streak of mysticism in him, sloughs off his past and merges himself with an unspoilt tribe. Mrs. Baptist has a gift for conveying the grace and simplicity of the African life uncontaminated by the notions of gain and individualism, and her power of sharply visual description is often very striking. As an argument, *Wild Deer* could doubtless be riddled with the hard buckshot of fact (De la Harpe is rather too good to be true); but the parable makes a good story, and it has disturbing undertones.

But undertones are no speciality of Miss Edna Ferber. The eight short stories in *They Brought Their Women* are slick, competent jobs, with a snap at the beginning and a snap at the end—exactly the type of story whose end has to be tracked down through columns and quarter-columns between advertisements of refrigerators, canned fruits and brake-linings. "Wall Street '28" and the title-story of the book are more concerned than most with things beneath the surface. But Miss Ferber is really at her best as a straight camera-woman in such a story as "Hey! Taxi!"

Mr. Upton Sinclair, we are informed, published *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* anonymously about thirty years ago, but presumably he stands by it still: veteran rebels have a way of standing fast in grass-grown outposts. Breathless, tempestuous, fist-shaken-at-high-heaven in style, the book has an old-world charm which makes it worth at least a hop-skip-and-jump reading. It purports to present the journal kept by a young American genius whilst writing a masterpiece of verse drama, which is at once to shake the world into clear and lovely sanity and to put its needy author at the top of the publishers' lists in very large type. "The Captive," of course, is a highly symbolical work, of such amazing force and eloquence that no publisher appreciates it; and Stirling, of course, drowns himself in the Hudson River. Except that it has nine characters—"a tyrant, two slaves, six guests and a man"—and two scenes—"a dungeon and a banquet-hall"—we are told surprisingly little about "The Captive." But probably that is enough. Mr. Stirling (*scilicet* Mr. Sinclair, 1903) believed that the apex of human achievement had been reached once and for all by Voltaire and the Declaration of Independence, and is constantly breaking into this kind of thing:

> I saw my soul to-day. It was a bubble, blown large, palpitating, whirling over a stormy sea; glorious with the rainbow hues, it was, but perilous, abandoned.—Do you catch the *feeling* of my soul?

We do, we do.

Mr. Gascoyne, in *Opening Day*, is likewise concerned with a youthful writer. But Leon Brinson was only seventeen, and only one day of his struggles is chronicled. It was not so tragic (for Leon) as Arthur Stirling's twelve-month of frustration: after all, however unsympathetic his father may have been, Leon had an aunt who not only worked in a publisher's office but had a friend who "knew all the literary, artistic and musical people in Bloomsbury." Making allowance for fashion, Leon's early writings seem to have been rather like Stirling's, so far as we are allowed to judge—witness his poem on nasturtiums growing in a tin bath. Mr. Brinson, senior, after being "convulsed in a cataclysmic spasm of tremendous fury," and being on the point of marrying his detestable housekeeper, dies, just when Leon is going off to live the literary life with Aunt Sue in Bloomsbury. There, perhaps, lie "the best qualities of story-telling of the nineteenth century" which the book-jacket promises us.

HAMISH MILES

LAWRENCE AND BRETT

Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship. By DOROTHY BRETT. *Secker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

D. H. Lawrence was a man who had a faculty of inspiring love and of stirring up intense emotional conflicts among those who knew him well. Impossible not to be attracted; equally impossible, it would seem, for any man or woman, drawn towards Lawrence while he lived, to remain on good terms, either during his lifetime or since his death, with fellow lovers and admirers of his personality. Mere friendship and dispassionate criticism are not enough; the true measure of Mr. Middleton Murry's original affection for D. H. Lawrence can only be gauged by the oddly virulent tone of his posthumous appreciations; and the degree of Mrs. Carswell's more uncomplicated fidelity to the writer's spirit by the truculence with which she has retaliated on his behalf. Through *Lorenzo in Taos*, the book in which Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan sets forth her impressions of the prophet and master whom she invited to her home in New Mexico, runs the same thread of bitterness and recrimination—bitterness against Lawrence, who would not play the part that had been assigned to him, against his wife and against their friend, Miss Dorothy Brett. The latter has now contributed her own narrative to the literature of this strange squabble over the dead.

It is dictated by devotion to Lawrence's memory. While Mrs. Luhan's book is pre-eminently a naive and entertaining essay in self-portraiture, Miss Brett concentrates on Lawrence himself, reliving, week by week and month by month, their relationship from a first encounter in 1915 to her last glimpse of him when he was already a dying man. During the interval, she had seen

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him under various aspects—Lawrence, good-humoured and childish, happy as he painted an immense and colourful design of doves and serpents on the lavatory door; among the pine trees at Idos, writing *St. Mawr* and afterwards reading it aloud, with a delighted insistence on the savagery of the untamed stallion which disfigures the unfortunate young artist; Lawrence, in one of his black moods, shouting, storming, arguing or sulking. . . . Like its predecessors, *Lawrence and Brett* contains lengthy, ludicrous, and sometimes rather embarrassing accounts of the fierce quarrels that sprang up around its hero; at a very early meeting, in Hampstead, Miss Brett was the mute and horrified spectator of a family argument, during which he demolished with a poker every piece of china upon the tea-table, making his crescendo the emphatic destruction of a large teapot. The violence characteristic of his later novels—the atmosphere of almost hysterical nervous strain that gave the slightest incident a lurid significance—was also characteristic of his daily life.

And, heavens, how they quarrelled in New Mexico! Mrs. Lawrence quarrelled with Miss Brett, asserting that Miss Brett and Lawrence together reminded her of a spinster and a curate; she and her husband endlessly bickered or fought; while Mrs. Luhan quarrelled with them each in turn. Even the neighbouring Indians became involved. All this in a magnificent climate, against a background of superb natural beauty, among people unhampered either by economic or intellectual restrictions. . . . A certain weariness steals over the reader's spirit as, at the safe distance of some ten years, he contemplates the sorry succession of tea-cup tempests, re-evoked for his benefit by Miss Dorothy Brett. Yet Lawrence gives the book cohesion and point; once more, we are told of his vitality, his simplicity and sincerity and personal magnetism, his delightful knack of enlivening the dullest task, such as painting a cupboard, scrubbing a floor or cooking a stew. In spite of everything, we seem to recognise a great man; it is a pity that Miss Brett's admiration degenerates here and there into the sentimental cliché, and that she writes in the second person and the historic present. Her tribute is now and then a little perfervid—some passages produce a sense of vague discomfort: "your eyes are looking at me, looking at me . . ."—but *Lawrence and Brett* is, none the less, honest and readable.

SCIENCE AND DESTRUCTION

Patriotism, Ltd. *Union of Democratic Control.* 6*d.*

Patriotism, Ltd., with a striking colour design by McKnight Kauffer on the cover, is a mine of well-documented and not readily accessible facts about the preparation for the next war. It is happily timed to appear at a moment when the international control of armaments is the one disarmament proposal that still retains any semblance of life. The secretary of the Union of Democratic Control, who is generally known to be the author, is to be congratulated on a piece of work which is careful as well as startling, which indulges in the minimum of rhetoric, and which relies for its effect on the presentation of vitally important facts, many of which have not been stated before. The best review is a short summary of the contents.

The first chapter gives the fullest account we have yet seen of the rearmament of Germany. Excellent use has been made of French dossiers and of the technical armaments press. It is not, of course, a complete account: in the absence of international control we have ultimately to rely on spies for any information about armaments which Governments do not themselves publish. The pamphlet next tells the story of the Hirtenberg gun-running incident—an example of the subterfuges to which the vanquished and disarmed countries will go, with the help of the armed victor countries, to obtain illegal arms. The delicious story of the Skoda scandal comes next: except in this journal and the *Manchester Guardian* we have scarcely seen any previous references to it in the British press. It is a story true to type; the competition of rival arms firms for orders, the faked war scare, and the timely bribery which brings the orders; the accidental discovery of the bribery (due on this occasion to the armament firm's reluctance to pay income tax), the beginnings of exposure in the Rumanian Parliament, quietly side-tracked into an inquiry which hushes up the whole business as soon as it is obvious that exposure of the foreign firm will mean exposure of corruption among high officials of the State. Though all the important personages were successfully sheltered in this case, enough came out to make a very entertaining and illuminating story. The best document of all is the letter from one armament firm manager to another politely asking, with a nice hint of a threat in the background, for his personal compensation to be paid quickly—compensation due to him because, as manager, he had allowed the orders to go to a competing firm without pushing the claims of his own, which could have provided the same goods at about half the price! An Appendix to this pamphlet retells the long-forgotten story—exposed in the French Chamber of Deputies in 1919 and first told in this country in *Foreign Affairs* when it was edited by E. D. Morel—of the war-time arrangement by which French and German iron and steel areas on each side of the line were left immune from bombs. One French officer, naively believing that the object of the war was to defeat Germany as soon as possible, actually made the mistake of bombing this sacred arms territory, and was severely reprimanded by his superiors.

Even more novel and surprising to most people will be the chapter in this pamphlet which shows, on the evidence of published reports, that the taxpayer is to-day paying considerable sums of money for research which is in fact military, but which he has hitherto believed to be industrial or medical. The account of the extent and profits of armament manufacture and export, the description of the technique of war research with its paraphernalia of secrecy and its arrangements for keeping up the full capacity of armament firms by encouraging export to less developed countries of every kind of weapon (except the very most up to date, which are reserved for the home Government)—all these are impressive; but the discovery that the Medical Research Council is really in part at least an adjunct of the War Office is something of a shock. It is time for some of our doctors and scientists who live on money voted by a public which believes them to be disinterested men of science devoted to improving the health and wealth of mankind to come into the open and tell us how they justify themselves in spending their lives in helping to prepare for the destruction of society.

PHILIP AND MARY

The Spanish Marriage. By HELEN SIMPSON. "Great Occasions": *Peter Davies.* 5*s.*

There are two reasons, surely, why a "great" occasion may deserve the name: the importance of its consequences, or some epic quality which gives it a hold on the national imagination. Perhaps it should have both these claims: the marriage of Mary Tudor can scarcely be said to possess either. It has no inherent grandeur; and it had no permanent effect. It might, indeed, have "opened a new scene" in England if the Queen had had a child; her childlessness makes it, at most, a great occasion *manquée*, the key-event of a somewhat uncomfortable interlude. Miss Simpson's book, that is to say, does not fit very convincingly into its series. She has a good subject all the same. The career of Mary Tudor—uneasy, half-foreign interpolation as it seems—may lack historical impressiveness, but it is simply crammed with human interest. And if it has not quite the epic quality, in dramatic intensity it stands alone. What a pity Shakespeare was debarred from touching it! It labours to burst out of the mere facts within which the historian must exhibit it.

Miss Simpson opens with Mary's first betrothal, at the age of two. She was then promised to the Dauphin, and "heard," says Miss Simpson, "without heeding greatly, an oration from the Bishop of London praising and recommending the holy estate of matrimony." (If she *had* heeded it, comment would be more in place.) She was then the only child of a fatuously proud father. "By Almighty God, my lord," Henry exclaimed one day to the Venetian ambassador, "there's never a tear from this girl of mine." "Her destiny does not move her to tears," replied the ambassador, in the best vein of dramatic irony. Princes are always extremely promising in youth; Mary was "the pearl of the world," a pretty silver-haired child, "right merry," fond of gorgeous clothes, crowned for her "manifold virtues and other gay qualities," for ever exchanging toys, complements and jewels with one brilliant *parti* after another. Then came the magnificent reverse of fortune. Such changes had their full weight in King Henry's time. The "pearl of the world," refusing to own herself illegitimate, was told by the Council that "since she was so unnatural as to oppose the King's will so obstinately, they could scarce believe she was his bastard, and if she were their daughter they would beat her and knock her head so hard against the wall that they would make it as soft as baked apples"—the Councillors moreover, adding to this plain speaking "several other words." Mary's existence, from the first motion of divorce, was trouble-

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some to her father; with the birth of Elizabeth it became superfluous, and she was in some danger of the block. She submitted at length; signed away her rights; and, of course, succeeded in due time quite naturally, as Elizabeth succeeded her, in contempt of all previous fuss and of the fact that the sisters' claims were mutually exclusive. But *les choses les plus souhaitées n'arrivent pas*, or if they do it is never, we are told, at the right time. Mary had waited nearly twenty years for her triumph; she went into eclipse a young girl, and emerged a middle-aged spinster, allowed to begin life when it was too late. She seems far more essentially an old maid than Elizabeth, although she married; indeed what could be more old-maidish than that tremulous marriage, "not of the flesh," with the young man whose father she had been betrothed to thirty years before—the young man who had hoped so long to be let off this duty, but who, when compliance had proved unavoidable, treated the middle-aged Queen with respectful kindness, "more like a son than a spouse." There is something shadowy about *The Spanish Marriage*. What a different place it might hold now in the school-books had the child of which Mary was so cruelly twice disappointed after all been born! But *les choses les plus souhaitées n'arrivent pas*. And from an aesthetic point of view no conclusion could surpass the last years of the solitary woman, "now brought down to desolation," with nothing to fix her eyes upon but her own death and the accession of her enemy. Thus "Bloody Mary" gave way before "England's Elizabeth."

It is a perfect failure; but perhaps it could not have been made to fill the book unless the author had drawn pretty largely on imagination. Miss Simpson has, on the whole, repressed such impulses; history, she remembers throughout, is required of her, and must be stuck to. So she gives a generous proportion of her space to Lady Jane Grey, and to Wyatt's rising—the second immediately, the first remotely, concerned in her subject, yet it seems a pity. Such episodes cut up the book, which would have been scrappy even without them. Then, it is a weak point of the "occasion" she is dealing with that it should be, in itself, so futile. The usual details of ceremony, the usual enumeration of clothes, plates and dishes, the usual gratification of everyone at any show of good breeding in a royal personage—they are not, after all, much of a climax. The long-drawn melancholy sequel—at least half of the *real* subject—is crammed into a page or two, the end abrupt. It is hard to see what could have been done about it. *The Spanish Marriage* was almost bound to be an awkward book—too long for its nominal theme, unless it was to have been minutely documented, a mere "source-book," and too short, if handled otherwise, to conceal patchwork. Miss Simpson has not evaded this problem, nor, for that matter, the slips of taste, the slight tendency to knowingness, which no light historian seems to be without. But she is—first of all merits—admirably readable. Her chapter-headings from Erasmus are perhaps rather a preciosity; but the last—one suspects that the others were put in to give it standing—is extremely neat.

GABRIEL: *Whither now?*
PETRONIUS: *To my closet.*
GABRIEL: *What to do there?*
PETRONIUS: *Why, I am asked for a marriage song, but I think I will rather make an epitaph.*

K. JOHN

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The dews are heavy, the evenings are closing in, the garden is a forest of gaudy untidiness, the Michaelmas daises are showing buttons of pink and mauve: it is time to turn to the gardening books. Both *Shrubs and Trees* and *The Garden of To-day* were published in the spring of the year—a fatal error on the part of their publishers, for what gardener with his heart and mind on his plants can look at a gardening book between April and September? The gardening book, like the catalogue, is for autumn and winter, for the dark nights, for the aconite days when the lilies of July and the tulips of April and even the almond blossom seem too sweet and miraculous ever to come again. In summer there is not a moment to spare for Mr. Tipping on meconopsis or Mr. Osborn on conifers; the very word meconopsis casually seen on a page of *The Garden of To-day* will cause the gardener to leap up, leave Mr. Tipping, and rush across the lawn to look at those satin blossoms, as blue as speedwell, crinkling open in the shade of the Cox's Orange tree. The blue poppies will lead to the lupins, and the lupins to the campanulas, and Mr. Tipping will be forgotten. But in winter it is different: the gardener, flowerless, will rush to him as to a comforter, for in his pages the flowers of summer have, as it were, been pressed and preserved, faded but still fragrant, full of memories of one summer and the promise of another. He will look eagerly then for what Mr. Tipping has to say on meconopsis and Mr. Osborn on conifers. He will be glad of their guidance. "We talked, my dear, of having another Ceanothus on the south wall. Not Gloire de Versailles, something different. What do you think? Shall we look up Osborn?" Down comes Osborn—a vast tome, as thick as two bricks. It is a fatal moment, for turning the pages of the book to look up Ceanothus, the gardener will inevitably find himself confronted with one of its three hundred illustrations. It will, perhaps, be Clethra Arborea—the lily of the valley tree. His mind will fill at once with that silly, delicious, exclusively horticultural longing. He half closes the book. A lily of the valley tree! Would there be room for it beyond the summer-house if he sacrificed the buddleia? He meditates with delicious guilt. And so the gardening book leads to the catalogue and the catalogue to the cheque, and the cheque to joy and bankruptcy.

Mr. Tipping, since he is an old gardener, will know these sensations all too well. "I was given a garden when I was seven," he says. "I am now seventy-seven and I still garden." There is nothing so delightful as an old gardener: panama-hat and green slippers, old pipe and spectacles, the long, lost stare of contemplation at the earth, the short-sighted peer of discovery among the seed-pans and the alpines. Mr. Tipping's book is hardly for the old and sagacious. They know too much. "It aims at being of some assistance to the modest amateur who in large measure conducts and in some measure cultivates his little Garden of Pleasure." There is a charming courage in its title—*The Garden of To-day*—and a freshness of horticultural spirit in the book itself. Mr. Tipping has lived through the rottenest age of English gardening—the scarlet geraniums standing like red coats about the statue of Queen Victoria, the carpet beds in parks—and his

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flowers are those of an age of experiment and discovery. He writes of them modestly, with charm and taste, deploring and gently condemning the vulgar and the ostentatious. *The Garden of To-day* is a wise, quiet, practical book, a charming legacy from one age of gardening to another.

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H. E. BATES

THE PRUNTY STRAIN

The Gaelic Source of the Brontë Genius. By CATHAL O'BYRNE. *Sands.* 2s. 6d.

Critics have insisted, rightly or wrongly, that the genius of the Brontë sisters needs a great deal of recondite explanation. The Irish ancestry of the Brontë family has been investigated by Dr. William Wright and others, but Mr. O'Byrne does not claim novelty for the views expressed in his essay. He has brought out, however, the significance of a number of interesting facts. The Reverend Patrick Brontë, father of the novelists, was plain Patrick Prunty from County Down, but Cambridge and Lord Nelson, Duke of Brontë, were responsible for the aristocratic metamorphosis of his bucolic patronymic. It is tempting to believe that the Irish parson's daughters inherited their high-spirited temperament from that wandering storyteller, their grandfather. Hugh Prunty, whose parentage is wrapped in discreet mystery, was an adopted child and spent his early years as a cowherd by the banks of the Boyne. His existence was as wretched as that of the national apostle during his early captivity. But Hugh Prunty was of a lively disposition. He escaped from the harsh hovel of his guardians by swimming the Boyne. He tramped northward, found employment with a lime-burner and became popular with the farmers who carted their lime at the kiln. Soon he became an overseer and won the heart of Alice McClorey, the local *belle*. On the very morning that the girl was to have been married, much against her will, to a wealthy farmer, Hugh Prunty made a runaway match with her. His daring won approval, and he settled down to a comfortable existence, winning renown as a *shanachie* or storyteller. His conventional son, Patrick, inherited the gift for traditional narration in a mild degree. Mr. O'Byrne is on more deceptive ground when he compares Gaelic nature-poems of the third century with descriptive scenes from *Wuthering Heights*. But his method is certainly beguiling, for he takes some of these specimens from a manuscript made in 1763 by one Patrick O'Prunty, a scribe whom some authorities believe to have been an ancestor of the Brontë family. In a further essay entitled "Charlotte Brontë Goes to Confession," Mr. O'Byrne deals with the well-known Brussels episode. The romantic runaway match of the grandfather was a "mixed" marriage, for Alice McClorey was a Catholic. But the impulse of a lonely woman of genius scarcely needs so distant an explanation.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHER OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

The Great Wall of China. By FRANZ KAFKA. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

During his lifetime Kafka only consented to publish a few short stories, and those at the urgency of friends; at his death he instructed his friend, Max Brod, to burn everything that he had written. After consideration, Herr Brod decided to ignore his request.

The reason for Kafka's request was not as evident in "The Castle" as it is in the self-revelation of the first two stories of this volume, "The Investigations of a Dog," and "The Burrow." From these it is plain that his writing is based on the desire to confess and to disguise the confession; his stories are "burrows" in which he feels at the same time hidden and naked to view. He believes also that all who see his nakedness are his enemies or will be when they see it. ". . . covered by a movable layer of moss, the real entrance to the burrow . . . is secured as safely as anything in this world can be secured; yet someone could step on the moss or break through it, and then my burrow would lie open, and anybody who liked—please note, however, that quite uncommon abilities would also be required—could make his way in and destroy everything for good." Any attempt at intimacy turns immediately into an attack, in his mind. "It need not be any particular enemy that is provoked to pursue me, it may very well be some chance innocent little creature, some disgusting little beast which follows me out of curiosity, and thus, without knowing it, becomes the leader of all the world against me."

In "The Burrow," from which these extracts come, the narrator is "I," an animal, a man, perhaps even a baby. The burrow is elaborate under earth, guarded by a labyrinth at the mouth and made of rooms linked by passages and a large central room, The Castle Keep. Here all day and night he awaits attacks from his enemies, suffering in fear, worry and preparations more than in a thousand mortal combats. Then he must leave the burrow and watch it in hiding, be as the enemy would be, preparing to attack him. It is as if he, outside the hole, were watching over himself asleep inside it. Then for a flash he sees the truth; his enemies are inside him. "No, I do not watch over my own sleep, as I imagined; rather it is I who sleep, while the destroyer watches." But the knowledge is too awful; only here and once elsewhere does he recognise it for a moment; then, again, the knowledge passing, he externalises his destroyers.

Once out of the burrow he cannot get back. It would attract too much attention. He makes a run for it; and runs past it. If only an enemy would try to enter the burrow, "I might in my blind rage leap on him, maul him, tear the flesh from his bones, destroy him, drink his blood and fling his corpse among the rest of my spoil." Finally exhausted, he crawls openly into the burrow and lies down on the bloodstained spoil (which he has not mentioned catching, a curious omission).

Back in the burrow he is haunted by fears of attack. A curious whistling, which he has never heard before, is now constant in his ears. Fears grow; it is the wind whistling in two holes. It is a myriad of small animals. It is a huge beast, tunnelling with its sharp snout round and round the burrow, panting for breath. It is perhaps nothing.

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This story is unique in literature, unique even in such of Kafka's work as has been translated. Of the others, "The Investigations of a Dog" is too confused to be successful, but the "Giant Mole," and many of the shorter stories, fables and aphorisms, are excellent. The style of the translation is good throughout.

Kafka perhaps had no more secrets than many other people. His singular genius lies in his knowledge of them and ability to follow them so far; his common tragedy in not tracing them to their source. ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

CAPITALISM AND RELIGION

Calvin. By R. N. CAREW HUNT. *Centenary Press.* 10s. 6d.

When Calvin accused Rabelais of "execrable blasphemies," Rabelais replied by calling Calvin *demoniacle* and labelling Geneva the *Isle Farouche*. Considering the provocation received, his restraint may be commended, for Calvin lost no opportunity of declaiming against all contemporary literature outside theology. He had, indeed, little use for art. Music he deplored as liable to excite unworthy emotions and as "inseparable from the detested practice of dancing." He allowed the singing of the psalms, though tuneful melodies, were "not only unsuited in themselves but offensive to the Almighty." Painters and engravers might legitimately apply their skill to the depiction of landscape or animal nature as subjects of instructional value, but otherwise pictures served no purpose except to give pleasure. Therein lay his quarrel with art, for "all pleasure is to be condemned which is not joined to the fear of God and of use to society."

There are ample grounds for the general impression that Calvin was a dull dog. He appears a prototype of the canting puritan mercilessly satirised by the Restoration dramatists and by every writer of historical fiction from the author of *Woodstock* to Stanley Weyman. He was a zealot, and single-minded enthusiasm offers itself readily to ridicule for distortion into bigotry or fanaticism. Deploring the conception of Calvin as "a gloomy and cold-blooded fanatic," Mr. Carew Hunt compels our admiration for a man of remarkable intellect, whose incorruptibility and steadfast resolution secured the fidelity of his followers, but still leaves us aware of a personality strictly austere and saturnine. When he decided to marry, he sought a wife like a house agent advertising for a desirable residence. She must be "modest, decent, simple, contented, gentle, and able and willing to take care of him." It was characteristic of Calvinism, if not of Calvin, that the lady selected, described by Calvin as *singularis exempli femina*, happened also to be beautiful.

Mr. Hunt is rather an historian than a biographer. He is concerned more with the relation of events than with the reactions of his subject to events. As an historian, he is admirable, writing a clean, direct narrative style, without bias and with scrupulous authority. Admitting no undocumented facts, he dismisses such unsupported statements as those of Calvin having had his portrait painted by Titian at Ferrara and having been arrested and tried by the Inquisition at Bologna early in 1536. His chapter on Calvin's theology and ethics is a wonderfully concise and comprehensive exposition of Calvinistic doctrine, and though he insists that his book is "a biography of Calvin, not a history of Calvinism," he clearly reveals the growth of a great movement in tracing the career of its founder.

Calvin was not merely a reformer, like Luther; he was a great ecclesiastical statesman. He was greater than Wolsey or Richelieu, because they were civil administrators who chanced to be churchmen—Calvin established an ecclesiastical state. Moreover, he may be fairly described as the founder of bourgeois civilisation, since he originated modern capitalism. Teaching his followers "to scorn delights and live laborious days," he encouraged the acquisition of wealth as a sacred duty. In so adapting the human vice of personal aggrandisement to religious principle, he exposed himself to such charges as Mark Pattison's of "petty chicanery," but it was a stratagem of statesmanship so successful that "to this day the pursuit of wealth is still regarded by many as a duty, if not towards God, at least towards society." Mr. Hunt points out that "Puritanism provided the moral force behind the Industrial Revolution," and the reformed churches became synonymous with capitalism; the early-Victorian factory-owners were Wesleyan or Methodist as the watch-makers of Geneva were Calvinist. And in fiction the heavy fathers and malignant misers nearly always had prayers before breakfast. MALCOLM ELWIN

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"The Catalan problem," wrote Cambó in 1927, "has for its sole basis the existence of a *differentiating factor*, of a racial personality incapable of absorption and indestructible, as vigorous and conspicuous in the past as in the present."

At that date few Catalans foresaw that only five years later the north-east corner of Spain would be in possession of full local autonomy, electing its own government, controlling its own administrative, judicial, and educational system. Only time can prove whether the existence of an independent Catalonia will be of ultimate benefit to Spain as a whole, but since the stress of circumstance as well as definite pledges obliged the young Republican Government to grant autonomous status, it is interesting to examine this "differentiating factor" which has played so large a part in Catalan revendications.

The ancient countship of Barcelona, corresponding roughly to modern Catalonia, formed from the twelfth century onwards the eastern part of the kingdom of Aragon. As such it has a stronger historical claim to independence than the Basque provinces (Navarre) or Galicia, which both have their autonomist movements. For two hundred years Aragon was the foremost power in the Mediterranean. Barcelona was the successful rival of Genoa and Venice. Her galleys dominated the Balearic Isles, Sicily and the coasts of Italy, and carried the redoubtable Aragonese soldiers to Athens and the gates of Constantinople. One of the most fascinating chapters in her history is formed by the expedition to the Levant of a few thousand Catalan mercenaries, who were sent out with no other object than that of ridding Sicily of a band of dangerous ruffians. This handful of men maintained itself practically unaided against Genoese, Byzantines, and Turks, terrorised Asia Minor and the shores of the Bosphorus, lived for three years as a community on the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and on its return seized the Duchy of Athens, which it held for sixty-five years until 1387.

The history of Aragon prompts a series of fascinating speculations. If Pedro II had not lost the battle of Muret in 1213 the dream of Aragonese expansion to the north of the Pyrenees might

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THE DYING PEACE

PROFESSOR HAROLD J. LASKI, in his Preface to this Pamphlet, says:—"This pamphlet is not merely the most formidable indictment so far published of the National Government's international policy. For that alone it would be valuable since it makes clear beyond the possibility of mistake the fatal direction given to our affairs since 1931. It is important for the British people to understand what its Government is doing in its name; and, on this side, these pages have the great merit of drawing attention to those implications with direct and incisive clarity. But they do more than this. They make the reader see that we have got to make a choice between international government and international anarchy: more, we have got to make the choice quickly if it is to be a real choice. The authors of this pamphlet have put forward concrete suggestions whereby this country at least may affirm, if it will, its determination to stand by the full implications of the Covenant. Their appeal is more than a party appeal. They represent a rallying-point round which may gather all, whether socalist or conservative, cleric or layman, who believe that the interests of civilisation can only be served by the maintenance of peace."

CONTENTS

I.

WAR AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT—British Policy in the Far East; The Disarmament Conference; The Rearming of Germany; The British Government and the Moscow Trial; Mr. MacDonald's Record; The South American Wars; The World Economic Conference; Our International Anarchists.

II.

PEACE VERSUS PATRIOTISM—The Fascist State; Internationalism and Isolationism; Who are the Realists? Great Britain's Part; The Individual, the State and the World; Patriotism and War Resistance; International Labour; King and Country; Religion and War; The State within the Law; Revolutionary Pacifism; A Peace Act; A Foreign Peace Policy; An Election Issue; The League in Party Politics.

III.

HOW TO GET PEACE—A Peace Government; The Poverty Front and the Peace Front.

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easily have been realised. A Mediterranean empire might have resulted stretching from Valencia to the Maritime Alps, which would have effectively separated the Languedoc from the Languedoïl, and have altered the whole character of modern France. If again, instead of expending their resources in the Mediterranean, later rulers of Aragon had turned towards the Peninsula, the Reconquest would have been predominantly Aragonese rather than Castilian, and Spain, instead of taking its stamp from the unpractical, individualistic inhabitants of the Central Plateau, might have become a nation of energetic, French-thinking realists. The Catalan of history, however, like his modern descendants, was constitutionally incapable of turning his eyes inland. He frittered away his energies in unprofitable Sicilian and Neapolitan ventures, and his country ceased to exist as an independent power when Ferdinand and Isabella united Aragon and Castile. The discovery of America a few years later, by which the Atlantic superseded the Mediterranean as a highway of conquest and commerce, dealt a final blow to Catalan prestige.

Except for a short epilogue, Dr. Chaytor's book comes to an end at this point. His is the first complete political history of Aragon and Catalonia to be published in English. It is provided with valuable maps, appendices, bibliography and index, and should rapidly become, both in this country and in translation, a standard work of reference on the medieval history of the two States. It is only to be regretted that he, Dr. Chaytor, has not thought fit to sketch the destinies of the Catalan people through the admittedly lean period from 1479 to 1833, and has devoted so few pages to the growth of regionalistic feeling during the past hundred years. The separatist movement, while mainly literary and linguistic, has also had its political repercussions. The author has considered this matter to be outside the scope of the present book. But it is to be hoped that he will publish the sequel which he is so well equipped to write, and by bringing the detailed history of Catalonia down to the Statute of 1932 provide the reader with full data on the Catalan problem. GEOFFREY BRERETON

SHORTER NOTICES

This Money Business. By BARNARD ELLINGER. *King*. 6s.

Using his own business experience and the report of the Macmillan Committee, Mr. Ellinger has produced for the layman a reliable, simple and concise description of the machinery of the English money market and the working of an international gold standard. His account of the discount market, the issuing houses, the deposit banks, bills of exchange and the Bank of England should illuminate the path of the many who have found these institutions and their interrelations obscure and terrifying. In the second part of the book the author, starting from Poincaré's undervaluation of the franc, the alleged gold-sterilising policy of the Federal Reserve Board, the urgent necessity of Germany to acquire an export surplus, the overvaluation of the pound, and the rigidity of English wage-rates, traces the events that led to the present general abandonment of the gold standard. In a concluding section the author sets out the four possible bases for a future world monetary system. For the most part he has avoided the field of monetary theory, and this perhaps is all to the good, for on the rare occasions when he allows opinions to intrude, Mr. Ellinger suggests that he supports a "needs-of-trade" banking policy and that he believes that the main function of central banks is to maintain a stable price level. It was a belief in these two principles that helped to start the American banking system on the road that led to the crash of 1929.

Jack Sheppard. By HORACE BLEACKLEY and S. M. ELLIS. Notable British Trials Series. *Hodge*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Bleackley died before this book was ready for the press, and its final preparation was undertaken by his friend, Mr. S. M. Ellis, who not only added various bibliographical details with the erudition and accuracy characteristic of his valuable researches in Victorian literature, but also contributed a graceful "in memoriam" notice of his collaborator and a note on Jonathan Wild. Wild, the notorious thief-taker immortalised by Fielding, was the captor of Jack Sheppard, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1724 at the early age of twenty-two. Sheppard has no title to celebrity as a criminal; he was a house-breaker, and that only in a small way of business. But he was the greatest of all prison-breakers, and admiration for the ingenuity and daring of his escapes has made him a romantic hero. Within a few days of his death, his exploits were dramatised at Drury Lane; they continued to be retold and embellished at intervals during the following century until, in 1839, his fame was finally sealed by the sensational success of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, *Jack Sheppard*, the most formidable rival among contemporary crime stories to *Oliver Twist*. Ainsworth occasionally used a novelist's licence to adapt facts for the convenience of fiction, but most people will still prefer to read of Sheppard in his pages, although Messrs. Bleackley and Ellis have achieved a task of exhaustive scholarly research in telling the authentic story of "the Prince of Prison-Breakers."

About Motoring

A NEW MORRIS

I CONTINUE to deplore the extreme individualism of the British motor car market, which induces or compels big men like Sir William Morris to produce a whole legion of new models every year, with great complications to the export trade, and (perhaps) a certain lack of economy in production costs. But having emitted this characteristic wail, I am bound to admit that the new Morris Ten-Six (which is really a 12 h.p. and taxed as such) is possibly the most attractive small car ever marketed. The engine is a miniature replica of that lovely job, the 1933 16 h.p. Morris-Oxford, and embodies every refinement possible at its date and price. It has a three-point mounting, so that like a three-legged stool it accommodates itself to any flexings of the chassis. Each mounting point is rubber lined, so that it should swallow nearly all the vibration which a modern six-cylinder power unit is likely to produce. Moreover, this vibration would be almost imperceptible with a less efficient mounting; for the combustion spaces are all machined and equalised, whilst the four-bearing crankshaft is balanced on an expensive machine, both for weight and for rotational forces under load. Even the camshaft is pinned against the reactions of its cam-blows by a powerful spring, which also holds it firmly up against its thrust-bearings, and prevents end-to-end hammering. Furthermore, the foul gases which in older models were pumped into the bonnet cavity and used to invade the interior of the body, are trapped and diverted into the exhaust system. It is no exaggeration to say that this engine is hermetically sealed. The transmission is just as modern as the engine. Morris has not adopted a pre-selector gear, but his simple device, copied in essentials from an American solution of the problem, is almost as foolproof as the Wilson box. Known as the synchro-mesh system, it employs sliding cones which cause the speeds of the gear dogs to approximate before any teeth come into contact, so that serious blunders in gear changing become impossible. Moreover, the second and third gear ratios are operated through helical pinions, which insure prolonged silence in action, and minimise whining and grinding noises when an elderly car is pulling hard up a hill. In spite of these and many other improvements, the price is just a little lower than that of any competitor in this class who has yet emerged into the open with a full 1934 programme. The car is decidedly excellent value, and deserves to be a best seller through the next nine months.

Descending from these attractive major components to minor details, the gear box has a really large orifice for replenishing lubricant, together with a marked dipstick, which enables the stupidest owner to maintain the correct oil level as easily as with his engine. There is an accessible master switch on the electrical circuits, a fitting which has become necessary now that cars tend to be rather over-electrified. With electric petrol lifts and gauges, the risk of a short circuit is naturally increased; if trouble arises with the electric installation such switches permit an ignorant owner to protect his accumulator from destruction and his car from fire until an expert arrives to correct the fault. The frame is of the rigid modern type with cruciform cross-bracing. The radiator is protected from flying stones by a dummy film front, which is much more presentable than the racing stone-guards found on many cars. Single front bumpers with quarter rear bumpers eliminate the risk of damage in minor impacts.

Turning to the bodywork, the two front passengers occupy separate armchairs, provided with simple adjustments. The driving pedals are adjustable for reach, and the steering column has a variable rake, so that either a giant or a dwarf can arrive at a perfectly comfortable position for control purposes. The pedal ramp slots are rubber-sealed against cold draughts. The floor of the rear compartment is of the footwell type, which nobody really likes. But except with stiff, elderly passengers there is no serious objection to the scheme, and in actual fact no other device furnishes ample space for a four-seated body of the modern low-roof type on a short chassis. Direction indicators are sunk in the sides of the body. There is an internal sun and dazzle visor, and all the usual lamps. There is nothing very startling about the outlines of the car, which is just one of the rather stubby, squarish saloons turned out in such quantities by so many factories in this country. Neither has Morris seen his way to modernise the luggage accommodation; it could hardly be expected at the price, which is fixed at no more than £184 for the

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in the world of books. The autumn publishing season has begun, and new works by Shaw, Wells, Walpole, Priestley lead the way. All can be seen at Bumpus', where are also displayed a collection of
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fixed head model with roof net, a sliding roof costing £5 more. On both a pressed steel luggage grid must be used for baggage, the spare wheel being bracketed to the rear panel. The touring editions are flanked by a special sports model, for which Morris has so far only announced an open four-seater body, but the coachbuilders will doubtless evolve as many varieties as the Wolseley Hornet has already provoked. This sports model is alleged to be a 75 m.p.h. machine, and, remembering the high speeds sold from the allied factories at Abingdon under the name M.G. and the Hornet capability, we may assume that another small projectile has arrived on our roads.

It should be understood that in the present depression the 10-12 h.p. car is the most popular on the road, and a Morris success in this sphere spells a very profitable domination of the largest family markets for 1934. All concerned earn warm congratulations for the evolution of this splendid little car.

Amongst minor aspects deserving attention, I advise enthusiasts to study the body capacity, partly attained by the well-flooring, first introduced by the Riley people, and partly by pushing the radiator forward to strike a tangent at three o'clock with the fore edge of the front tyres, as originally propounded by the Wolseley engineers. A sturdy tiebar stiffens the front wings, and forms a handy mounting for the hooter and headlamps. Altogether, the car is quite unusually fascinating and well mannered.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 39.—ROLLING THE BONES
(By R. Martin)

Dyson and his friends had met as usual at the nineteenth. They were rolling the bones to decide who should pay, when Bowens walked in.

"Hallo," he said, "I'd like to join you if you've not shaken for drinks yet."

"Well, as a matter of fact we have, but you can cut in if you like. You can have three throws of the five dice and you've got to try and finish with at least three alike. You can pick up and throw again as many as you like after each of the first two throws. If you win, the drinks are on me, but if not you'll have to stand a round."

"H'm, that seems hardly good enough; I'd rather we all tossed for it."

"Dammit," answered Dyson with a grin, "there's practically nothing in it if you throw properly."

"Oh, that's all very fine, but you're a mathematician."

How many friends were originally with Dyson?

PROBLEM 37.—OVERTURE TO JUTLAND

My own answer to this problem is:

that BILGE should fire;
that if BILGE fires and misses, BARNACLE should fire;
and that if BILGE moves, BARNACLE should move.

This answer is based on a calculation of "expectations," in such a way that the two expectations total unity, i.e., dividing between the two Admirals, and then adding to their respective chances of a win, the chance that the engagement terminates inconclusively.

This method and conclusion have the endorsement of a number of our most able solvers.

But a comparable number of equally able solvers have come to the conclusion that

BILGE should move.

In their view (so far as I can make out) the predominant consideration is that if Bilge fires and misses (a 2 : 1 chance) there is an even chance of his being sunk when Barnacle next fires. The fact that Bilge, should Barnacle miss, will still have a shot in hand does not seem to them as important as it does to me.

I have not yet had time to examine the arguments advanced; and shall therefore hold over my decision on this problem, though my impression is that my own line of attack is the right one.

I think that—in spite of its apparent simplicity—this is the most perplexing problem so far set.

PROBLEM 36

A set of Low's Cartoons is awarded to:
Miss B. Brewster, 28 Dean Street, W.1.
There were 27 correct and 14 incorrect solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

"THE MALPLAQUET DRUM"

Inquiries seem to show that some malicious individual has been pulling Lady Plush-Monkegh's leg.

The title and the form of the cryptogram suggest the Knight's "tour" in chess.

Starting from the bottom right-hand corner, the question reads as follows:

Summa aetatium Mariae et Annae est quattuor et quadraginta anni. Maria est bis tantum annorum nata quantum Anna fuit cum Maria fuit dimidio tantum annorum nata quantum Anna erit cum Anna erit ter tantum annorum nata quantum Maria fuit cum Maria fuit ter tantum annorum nata quantum Anna fuit.

This is the old age problem, invented by Sam Loyd:—

The combined ages of Mary and Ann are forty-four years. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann.

How old is Mary?

The answer, which can readily be obtained by simple equations, is that Mary is 27½ and Ann is 16½.

The "Tour" will be set out in detail in "Calibans's Problem Book."

I am awarding twenty points to the solver whose name has already been published, and five points to fourteen others who submitted correct solutions by the same post.

THREE CONUNDRUMS.—By TRINCULO

I.
In cash I sell, and thus can claim
To represent an ancient name.

II.
A contest (let it stand without!)—
A second ancient name, no doubt.

III.
Now within call a member be—
An ancient name (exhibit three)

What are the three names?

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